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BY JEDDAH TOWN.

There were ten Arabs in the plain, who
met him with his guide,
The Sheikh of them rode forward
then, to talk at eventide.
He said: "The desert is a place where
rarely strangers thrive,
Give up your horse, give up your gun,
and you'll go home alive."

He answered to the Arab Sheikh:
"Peace on you and your kin,
But I shall give my horse to-night to
ostlers at the Inn.
My race is not a humble folk whom
such as you bid walk,
Have you no powder with your ten
that one comes out to talk?"

And silence fell between the two. The
Moslem pulled his rein,
Then, "Here's the truth of El Hejaz,
why should brave men be slain?
You have ten Beduw lances, four
Beduw shots to fear."
But gaily laughed the Englishman, "I
have five bullets here."

"It's full a league to Jeddah Town, the
evening will be done
Before you reach the tomb of Eve and
the Turkish garrison,
Resign yourself to Allah's will, and
see to-morrow's sun,
And go in peace, you cannot fight. for
we are ten to one."

They shot at him against the light,
and twice they missed him wide,
Then swiftly up behind him came
Mahmoud, his desert guide.
He shot his guide and still he had four
bullets that he stored,
And when his horse fell, wounded,
three. He would not use his sword.

They followed him as kites that mark
a stag that's soon to die,
Unflinching he held his way, his gal-
lant head was high.
Eleven fighters crossed the sand, their
shadows grew apace,
While ten of them were taught the
truth about his English race.

They had but one shot still to fire. The
world was very still,
And safety shone from Eve's white
tomb, that shone a tiny hill.
Their last shot failed, and he went on
content that he had won,
And glad to see the glory of the blood-
red setting sun.

The desert is a cruel place, where
rarely strangers thrive,
He shot his horse, he shot his guide,
but he walked home alive.
The Spectator.

THE PIPER.

I will not lift the door-latch. I will not
step in
From the dark fields and the starlight
and the bent and whin;
All about the stone gables, in the dusk
alone
You shall hear my pipe playing by your
own hearth-stone.

I have no joy of your banquets nor
your lighted halls:
I flute not for your dancing at gay
routs and balls.
When the last guest has departed, and
the lights have died,
Come I with my shrill piping up the
lone hillside.

I bring no sheaf of ballads of wars
and dead wrongs:
All across the wide world God has
taught me my songs,—
Old tunes and unwritten, wrought in
far years,
In a strange tongue and tender, with
a burden of tears.

O hearts that are restless, O hearts
that repine,
Knowledge of all sorrows and of all
dreams is mine.
With a song of dim longing and of lost
delight
I will catch at your heart-strings in the
dark of the night.

Cicely Fox Smith.

THE KAISER AS AN ORATOR: A CHARACTER SKETCH.

A patriotic German editor has recently published in three volumes the collection of speeches delivered by the German Emperor during the first twenty years of his reign, from 1888 to 1908. I know few documents in modern literature of more surpassing interest, and which better repay a careful and minute study. Most *Speeches from the Throne* are proverbially dull, conventional, and colorless. They are either couched in language intended to hide thought, or they indulge in sonorous platitudes. Nor do imperial and royal speeches generally express the personal views of the ruler, but the opinion of his Prime Minister and the Party in power. But nobody will accuse the German Emperor of being dull or colorless, or of hiding his meaning. In his mouth the German language becomes as luminous as the language of Voltaire. And no reader will accuse the Kaiser of being afraid to express his own mind. From the first page to the last it is the personal note that is struck. Every speech, with its indiscretions, its abuse of superlatives, with its exaggerations, grammatical mistakes, where a foreign language is used, bears the unmistakable marks of authenticity and genuineness. We invariably receive the impression of a strong, breezy, original and picturesque character. The man reveals himself beneath the ruler with irrepressible sincerity, with the most delightful candor and naïveté.

But there is a danger that because the speeches of the German Emperor possess this extraordinary *human interest*, because they throw such a vivid light on a singularly attractive personality, many readers may be tempted to exaggerate their historical and political importance. In the case of a Napoleon, or of a Bismarck, speeches possess, in-

deed, a political importance equal to their literary or human interest, because their utterances were but the expression of the opinions and feelings of the nations over which they ruled, and *because they have had the power of translating their every word into deeds.*

The German Emperor has no such power. A speech with him is not preliminary and ancillary to action; it is only a very unsatisfactory substitute for action. It is only one of several outlets to his superabundant energies. Although he constantly speaks as the vicegerent of God on earth, he is after all only a constitutional ruler.

But there is another consideration which it is even more important to bear in mind. The German Emperor does not, as a rule, express the ideals and aspirations of the German people. He has always the courage of his own convictions, but very often he speaks for himself alone. So far from his being the mouthpiece of the nation, there is often something pathetic in his isolation. It is not the awful isolation of a ruler placed on the sublime altitudes of power; it is the spiritual isolation of a leader who has no following. Emperor William might echo the words of the French poet:—

Je suis, hélas, Seigneur, puissant et solitaire.

There have been many occasions, no doubt when the Kaiser has expressed the feeling of Germany. In his famous telegram to President Kruger, he was only giving voice to the pro-Boer sentiment of his subjects. In his naval speeches he advocates the policy which is that of New Germany. But it cannot be strongly enough emphasized that, in his general attitude to life and politics, Emperor William is not a representative modern German ruler. To

use an expression of Nietzsche, the German Emperor is *unzeitgemäss*; he is *against the times*. He belongs to a former age. A mediæval Hohenstaufen like Frederick II. is more modern than the Hohenzollern of to-day. William II. is not a modern emperor; he is not like Napoleon I., or Napoleon III., the armed soldier of democracy.

The Kaiser is deeply religious. On the contrary, modern Germany is getting more and more sceptical, is drifting further and further away from Christianity. Nietzsche, to-day is a far more popular thinker than Schleiermacher. The Kaiser is an idealist. On the contrary, modern Germany is more and more disloyal to the lofty idealism of the past, and is getting more and more steeped in materialism and absorbed by the exclusive pursuit of wealth. The Kaiser is intensely earnest and moral. And the parent of his people is also a model parent in his private life. As a paterfamilias, he is of almost bourgeois rectitude. On the contrary, the morals of Germany are getting every day laxer and looser, and Berlin is outbidding Paris in its sexual immorality, as recent scandals have only too convincingly proved. And finally, Emperor William is essentially feudal and agrarian in his sympathies, supported by a military aristocracy and a "Junkertum." On the contrary, modern Germany is rapidly drifting away from feudalism, and becoming the type of a great and industrial and progressive Empire.

The Emperor therefore, again and again, speaks for himself alone. His utterances do not compromise anybody but himself. The German people have, no doubt, to put up with his indiscretions, even though they strongly disapprove of them. They continue to be unswervingly loyal. The Hohenzollern can still draw on an inexhaustible capital of devotion. The prestige gained by the exploits of the great

wars still surrounds the monarchy, and the German middle classes still see in the Empire the bulwark against Socialism. His subjects are all the more inclined to condone the Emperor's outbursts of sincerity because he is otherwise well-meaning, honest, hard-working, sympathetic and picturesque. So far, no very serious consequences have ensued from the Kaiser's personal policy, but there are not lacking signs of protest and revolt. Public opinion is slow to express itself in Germany, as parliamentary government is only in its infancy, and as the Germans have for centuries been accustomed to passive obedience, to methods of militarism and bureaucracy. But the opposition to personal and irresponsible rule is gradually asserting itself, and the Kaiser has recently received several solemn warnings and reminders that, even in Germany, there exists such a thing as a constitution.

In reading the speeches of the Kaiser I need not dwell on the fundamental importance of constantly keeping in view that distinction between the man and the ruler to which we have just called attention. Nor does this distinction detract in the slightest measure from the human interest which attaches to the Imperial utterances. On the contrary, to say that he does not always express the mind of his people, but expresses frequently his own strong personality, only adds to the human interest of his speeches; for that interest lies mainly in the splendid courage with which he expresses unpopular convictions; it lies in the conflicts in which his sincerity constantly involves him; it lies in the irony of fate which has placed a feudal monarch at the head of an industrial, socialistic democracy; in short, the interest lies mainly in the fact that the Emperor is a living anachronism.

And we must not forget that, in reading the Imperial speeches for the

light they throw on the speaker's personality, and not for any political importance they may possess, we can indulge without scruple or remorse the exquisite pleasure of studying a most fascinating psychological problem. If the speeches were invariably the weighty utterances of a ruler expressing in his every word the firm and settled opinions of sixty millions of German people, we would indeed be compelled to take those speeches in tragic earnest. Nor would it be easy to listen with a light heart to indiscretions and impulsive outbursts which might have incalculable consequences. If, on the contrary, it be true on the whole that the German Emperor speaks only for himself, we need not fear and tremble that any utterances of his may be a danger to the peace of Europe. We can even afford to indulge in a respectful smile at the naïveté and candor of his outpourings and his proclamations *urbi et orbi*. We can almost afford to be grateful for the unique spectacle of a potentate speaking the truth and revealing to the world the inmost workings of a restless brain and an intense personality.

II.

"Tell me what a man believes, and I shall tell you what he is," was one of the favorite sayings of Carlyle. Emperor William is a striking illustration of the truth of Carlyle's dictum. His religion gives the key to his character and temperament. He has a firm, simple, unwavering belief in the Divine order of the Universe, in orthodox, evangelical Christianity. Very different from most of his predecessors—for instance, from Frederick the Great, the friend of Voltaire—the Kaiser has an intensely religious nature. Very different from another predecessor, and another Frederick the Great, who was excommunicated for refusing to go to the Holy Land, Em-

peror William went as a voluntary pilgrim to Jerusalem. Amongst his numberless accomplishments, there is none he prefers to preaching. He delights in acting as a substitute for one of his Court preachers, and he expounds to his sailors and soldiers the elementary truths of Christianity.

He is a conservative evangelical, he is a strong opponent of the Higher Criticism; but he lays little stress on dogma. His religion is essentially practical; it is not a philosophy, but a rule of life.

"I believe that to bind all our fellow-citizens, all our classes together, there is only one means, and that is *Religion*; not, indeed, religion understood in a narrow ecclesiastical and dogmatic sense, but in a wider, more practical sense, with relation to life." (August 31st, 1907.)

"I expect from you all that you will all help me, priests and laymen, to maintain religion in the people. Whoever does not establish his life on the foundation of religion, he is lost, and therefore I will pledge myself to-day to place my whole Empire, my people, my army, symbolically represented through this staff of command, myself and my family, *under the Cross and its protection*." (June 19th, 1902.)

And the religion of the Kaiser is the religion of the Gospel: "In our loyal faith in the eternal truth of the Gospel rest our hopes in life and death, and we remain true unto death to the confession of the Gospel; and that faith is rooted in the personality of Christ; the corner-stone and the centre of every human life, and especially of every responsible and active life, that has become clearer to me year after year, is only and exclusively the attitude which we assume to our Lord and Saviour. . . . The only helper and protector is and remains the Saviour."

His religion is a religion of authority. It is political and social. Religion, indeed, is the sanction of all

political authority and citizenship.

"Nobody can be a good soldier if he is not at the same time a good Christian. The recruits who have given the oath of allegiance to myself as to their earthly lord must, above all, preserve their allegiance to their heavenly Lord and Saviour." "As the crown is nothing without the altar and the crucifix, so the army is nothing without the Christian religion." (November, 1896.)

But in matters religious his belief in authority is combined with the belief in religious freedom. Although an orthodox, the Emperor is a *liberal* orthodox. Toleration is one of his watchwords. He has claimed to be the protector of Islam and the friend of Abdul Hamid. (November, 1898.)

In matters of religion there can be no compulsion. Here the free conviction of the heart must alone decide, and the recognition of this truth is the blessed fruit of the Reformation. We evangelicals attack nobody on account of his religious beliefs. We can only influence people through our example. We can only make an impression on the Mohammedan through our Christian lives, not through dogmas and attempts at conversion; and nobody need be astonished if the Mohammedans feel little respect for the name of Christian.

Although the ruler of a Protestant State, he has never favored Protestantism at the expense of Catholicism, but has done his best to allay the bitterness produced by the *Kulturkampf*. Almost on his accession, the Emperor expressed to the Bishop of Bruges his sympathy with the views of the Pope, and he always had a great admiration for Leo XIII. The Kaiser has no doubt strong political reasons for favoring the Catholic religion, as his policy is entirely dependent on the support of the Catholics of the Rhine provinces and of Polish Prussia. But,

apart from any considerations of political interest, he has a natural, instinctive sympathy for Roman Catholicism, because it is a religion of authority and tradition, principles which are sacred to the Kaiser.

The politics of the Kaiser are the outcome of his religious faith. The title of Bossuet's famous treatise, "Politics based on Holy Scripture," might sum up the Emperor's political creed. Politics must be based on religion; they are bound up with it. The Kaiser believes in an ever-present Providence, and he believes that Providence has chosen the German people as his people, and has chosen the Hohenzollern as his rulers. He has never doubted that he is the Vicegerent appointed by God Almighty to carry out His will. Never did mediæval Pope believe more absolutely in his divine mission: "In a kingdom by the Grace of God, with its heavy duties, its never ceasing cares and labors, with its awful responsibility to the Creator above, from which no man, no minister, no parliament can absolve the sovereign." (August, 1897.)

"I see in the people and in the country that I have inherited a talent entrusted to me by God, and which it is my duty to increase." (March, 1890.)

"In our House we consider ourselves as . . . appointed by God to direct and to lead the nations over which it has been given us to rule to a higher state of well-being, to the improvement of their material and spiritual interests." (April, 1890.)

"You know that I consider my whole office and duty is imposed on me by Heaven, and that I have been called in the service of the Highest, to whom I shall have to render one day an account of my trust." (February, 1891.)

A ruler thus firmly believing in his divine mission must conceive an exalted idea of his imperial prerogative. He has carried personal rule to its extreme logical consequences.

This is the secret of his aggressive, almost offensive, egotism. He demands unqualified obedience. He deprecates all agitation or opposition, however lawful and constitutional. His paternal heart (*mein landesvaterliches Herz*) is deeply wounded thereby. (February, 1895.)

Merely to question the absolute authority of the Emperor is morally to perpetrate the crime of *lèse-majesté*.

"I shall crush whomsoever will stand in the way of my labors." (March, 1890.)

"There is only one who is master in the Empire, and that is I. I shall stand no other." (May, 1891.)

"My course is the right one, and I shall follow it." (February, 1892.)

"Would it then not be better if the discontented critics shook the German dust off their slippers, and left as soon as possible a country where such wretched and lamentable conditions prevail?" (February, 1892.)

It is the Prussian Hohenzollern that have been the master-builders of the German State. They may have had useful instruments to carry out their sublime purpose, but even a Bismarck or Moltke has only been the humble tool of the rulers' will. Any reader of history knows that Bismarck has been as much the maker of modern Germany as Richelieu was the maker of the French monarchy, and that William I., like Louis XIII., only moved in the shadow of his great master. Not so does the Kaiser interpret history: a Bismarck and a Moltke have been nothing but the humble tools of the mighty will of their sovereign. His admiration for William the Great, his grandfather, he almost carries to idolatry. He celebrates *ad nauseam* the superhuman virtues of his grandfather.

This is the explanation of the Kaiser's apparent ingratitude to Bismarck. For years the Iron Chancellor lived in disfavor and in opposition. It seemed

as if the Kaiser could not forgive him for eclipsing the glory of his master. Acting under the pressure of public opinion, which was distressed by the scandalous conflict between the Emperor and his former Minister, and acting on the advice of his own counselors, who saw in this conflict a cause of weakness to the Empire, William reconciled himself with Bismarck. But it is characteristic that, since the death of Bismarck, the Emperor, whilst never tired of extolling William the Great, has never once mentioned the name, let alone the achievements, of the Great Chancellor.

If the Kaiser believes in his rights and might, he also believes in his duties. No ruler ever less spared himself. He displays a restless activity; always travelling, always delivering speeches, continually paying surprise visits in the early morning to his soldiers or sailors. He is one of the most hard-working of sovereigns. He constantly refers in his speeches to the overwhelming burden and awful responsibility which weigh on his shoulders, and those are no idle words. Even Mr. Roosevelt has not been a more brilliant exponent, by word and example, of the "strenuous life" than the German Kaiser.

The religious and almost superstitious conception the Kaiser has formed of his prerogative may provide the true explanation of a peculiarity which has often been misunderstood. I refer to his fondness for external splendor, for ceremonial and etiquette. Even loyal supporters of the Throne cannot repress a smile at the three-hundred uniforms of William. The Kaiser certainly lacks that simplicity which is generally the characteristic of true greatness. Frederick II., in his old threadbare coat, as depicted by Carlyle, impresses us more than Emperor William in the guise of Lohengrin or Siegfried. But those critics who call the Kaiser

"operatic" and "theatrical" because of his fondness for a glittering helmet and a gaudy uniform may well be reminded of the "Clothes Philosophy" of *Sartor Resartus* and of Pascal. As well might loyal Catholics smile at the gorgeous brilliancy of ecclesiastical vestments and the elaborateness of Catholic ceremonial. Any student of religion knows the importance of worship and ritual. Any reader of Saint Simon knows the vital importance at the Courts of Versailles of all questions of etiquette and precedence, and the Kaiser-worship which William holds forth as the main duty of his German subjects would not be conceivable without the external trappings of empire, and without their appeal to the senses and the imagination.

King and Emperor by the Grace of God, and not by the will of the German people, the Kaiser is then a conservative and a reactionary. He is not like Napoleon I., the armed soldier of democracy. Hence his contempt for Napoleon I., whom in one of his speeches he calls the "Corsican adventurer." Rather is the Kaiser like the Russian Czar, the High Priest and ruler, the Father of his people. There is a great deal of Byzantine Cæsaropapism in the political creed of the Emperor.

It is therefore not difficult to imagine the abhorrence which the Kaiser must feel with the political aspirations of Young Germany and the ever-growing progress of Socialism. Other autocratic rulers, like Napoleon III. and Alexander II., have played with socialistic ideas. William has made a firm stand against the enemy. He is never weary of calling his supporters to arms against the internal barbarians. An acceptance of Socialism is a crime

"To me Social Democrat is synonymous with enemy to Empire and Fatherland." (May, 1889.)

"With such men (socialistic agitators)

you as honorable men can and must have nothing to do, and you must not allow yourselves to be led by them." (September, 1903.)

So profoundly convinced is the Kaiser that Socialism is the natural danger, that even the primary school must be used to fight the enemy: "If the school had done what was expected of it, it would spontaneously have undertaken the fight against social-democracy. The Normal colleges ought to have instructed the growing generation so that young men of thirty, my contemporaries, might already have provided the suitable material with which I could have worked in the State to master the socialistic movement."

Woe to the conservative who would enter into an alliance with those irreconcilable enemies of the Throne. The unfortunate Court preacher Stocker, one of the leaders of German Christian Socialism, once one of the favorites of the Kaiser, learnt at his expense what it cost to play with socialistic ideals.

"Stocker has ended, as I have predicted for years that he would end. Political pastors are a monstrosity. Whoever is a Christian is also 'social'; Christian Socialism is nonsense, and leads to self-assertion and intolerance, which run directly counter to Christianity. Gentlemen of the clergy ought to look after the souls of their parishes and practise neighborly love, and not meddle with the game of politics, which nowise concerns them." (February, 1896.)

The German constitution is a strange combination of heterogeneous elements. In the true spirit of Hegel, the representative Prussian philosopher, it is based on the synthesis of contradictories—autocracy and popular government. The Kaiser has never taken much trouble to disguise his contempt for popular and parliamentary government. One

understands him without sympathizing with his arguments when he attacks the party system, political agitation, systematic opposition—all those things, although essential to parliamentary government, are repellent to his nature. But his criticisms are not always justified, even from his own point of view. But surely it ill-becomes the exuberant Emperor to blame Parliament for talking so much and acting so little. Does not the Kaiser remind us of the Sage of Chelsea, who preached his gospel of silence in thirty volumes?

It is therefore not Parliament, it is the army which is the foundation of the Prussian State. *Cedat to ga armis.* "The soldier and the army, not parliamentary majorities and votes, have welded together the German Empire." (April, 1891.)

Like Napoleon I. and Napoleon III., the Kaiser would fain drive away the chattering from the Reichstag, and rely on the sword alone of faithful soldiers to carry out his supreme will. It is only amongst his soldiers that he finds himself at ease and at home. It is to them that he addresses most of his speeches and proclamations, as well as his sermons. His first counsellor after Bismarck was a simple General, Caprivi. His favorites are soldiers like Marshal Count von Waldersee. He never broke with Moltke as he broke with Bismarck; and he chose his nephew, destined to so lamentable an end, to be chief of the staff of the army, mainly because Moltke was content to be only a soldier, and not a parliamentary statesman. The army is the strongest support of the Throne. She lends splendor and dignity as well as strength. The loyalty which binds the army to the Hohenzollern is as old as the house of Brandenburg.

And the Kaiser's love for the army is only equalled by his love for the navy. Indeed, there is something even more personal and more intimate in the

Kaiser's attachment to the navy. It is the love of the parent for the child. The army he has inherited from his ancestors. *The navy, on the contrary, is his own creation.* Naval expansion dates from his reign. The poet Heine once said that to the French belongs the Empire of the Earth, to the German belongs the Empire of the Air, and to the English the Empire of the Sea. William is no longer content with the Empire of the Air—of poetry, and philosophy and art—and he has urged on his subjects to wrest from other nations the Empire of the Sea. It is he who first told the Germans that their future is on the water. "Unsere Zukunft ist auf dem Wasser." It is he who first offered them new oceans to conquer. The ocean seems to be the Kaiser's favorite element. He is an indefatigable yachtsman. He travels by sea even more than by land. He has advocated naval expansion more consistently and more passionately than any other cause. Again and again he has proclaimed that "a prosperous development of the Fatherland is not conceivable without a continuous reinforcement of its sea power." (December, 1902.)

To an Englishman, the Kaiser's devotion to military pursuits, his frequent brandishing of the sword, his aggressive policy of naval expansion, seems to be in flagrant contradiction with his no less persistent protests of his love for peace. We are reminded that Napoleon III. also delighted to express his love for peace. "L'Empire, c'est la Paix." Yet he brought about the most disastrous war in French history. We are reminded that Nicholas II. also started his reign as the Peacemaker of Europe, the founder of the Conference of the Hague; yet he brought about the most bloody war in Russian history. Are the Kaiser's peaceful intentions as hollow as those of a Napoleon or a Nicholas?

We can only say that the Kaiser's

protests of peace form as it were the "leitmotiv" of his oratory in the course of twenty years, and there seems no reason to doubt the sincerity of his protests. Whatever may be the future policy of German Jingoism, the Kaiser certainly does not want war. He has nothing to gain from war, and everything to lose. The tragedy of the Russo-Japanese war has taught him the terrible chances of the battle-field. It would be senseless for him to jeopardize, with a light heart, the magnificent empire inherited from his ancestors. And if anyone were inclined to wonder at the strange combination of militarism and pacifism in the Kaiser's mind, one has only to remember that one of the most original kings of Prussia also combined an almost morbid passion for soldiery with an ingrained love for peace. The *sergeant-king*, the father of Frederick the Great, who collected tall grenadiers as others would collect art treasures, retained all through life a wholesome dread of war, because he would not expose himself to the risk of losing or damaging the splendid army which he had spent his lifetime in organizing.

In the speeches of the last few years a new word is added to the vocabulary of the Imperial orator: *die Weltpolitik*. The word has become one of the stock phrases of German publicists, and notably of the Kaiser's trusty adviser, Professor Schiemann. Until Bismarck, Germany was content with playing her part in European politics. Henceforth, Germany has a world-policy. Nothing must now happen in China or Morocco without Germany claiming to have a voice in the decision. The aims and tendencies of the new policy, which demands for Germany a right of intervention, even where she has no direct interests to protect, can leave us in little doubt as to where the danger lies for the future. The German Empire has resolutely entered the lists, and is bent

on building up a colonial empire. Unfortunately, there seems to be neither scope nor justification for an ambitious colonial policy. There is no scope, because all the best claims have been allotted. And there seems little justification, because the German people have ceased to emigrate. Of late years the immigration into Germany has exceeded the emigration from Germany. It seems paradoxical that Germany should have had no colonial policy when her teeming millions found no outlet for their activity except outside the Fatherland, while she has pursued a vigorous colonial policy since her population has ceased to overflow.

It would have been easy in the early seventies, after the great victories, to enter the lists in the race for empire. But Bismarck did not favor the colonial policy. Instead, he encouraged France in her colonial ambitions, convinced that colonial imperialism was a waste of energy, and hoping that sooner or later France might come into conflict with England.

Later events and the failure of German colonization so far seem to show the wisdom of Bismarck's Little Germanism, German East-Africa, the ruinous campaign against the Herreros, the campaign in China, the Moroccan embroglio, have indeed been fruitful subjects for Imperial oratory, but they have added little glory and little strength to the Fatherland. It may well be argued that the absence of colonies was one of the chief reasons for the wonderful industrial expansion of modern Germany. She was enabled to direct all her energies and resources to the industrial development of the Mother Country. And she was enabled to utilize to the full the colonies of other nations. France had colonies, but no colonists. Germany had no colonies, but she had colonists scattered all over the world. She let England

and France bear the White Man's burden.

It was to be expected that so versatile a man and so idealistic a temperament should have taken a keen interest in art and literature, in science and education; and certainly it has been the Kaiser's constant ambition to act here also as an inspirer and initiator. Unfortunately, he has not found the artists and men of letters so pliable as politicians and soldiers. No one, not even the most enthusiastic admirer of the Kaiser, would venture to assert that as a patron of art he has been a success. Indeed, no other part of his many-sided activities has met with so much scathing criticism. The Emperor, although passionately interested in the artistic activities of his subjects, has never seemed to realize that untrammelled freedom and spontaneity is the very breath of genius, and that artistic masterpieces cannot be made by order. And although a man of high ideals in art as well as in politics, his ideals have always been narrowly patriotic.

The Kaiser has expounded his artistic theories in many speeches. He has lectured on the theory of art, on the mission of a national theatre, on the influence of folk-songs. And the burden of all his utterances is that the chief object of art is to foster the national spirit, to glorify on canvas, in marble, and song, the achievements of the German race. We find this inspiration in the famous alley of victory, *die Siegesallee*, which has been the Kaiser's original thought and which has been executed in every detail under his guidance. We find it in his conception of literature, in his intense hatred of realism.

It is significant that contemporary German art and literature should have developed in directions diametrically opposite to those suggested by the Emperor. The favorite German authors are men like Sudermann and Haupt-

mann, inspired with advanced ideals. The favorite dramatists are Ibsen and Maeterlinck, who certainly do not uphold the patriotic ideals of the Emperor.

The Kaiser has perhaps been more successful in his educational policy. Here again his main policy has been to substitute the patriotic ideals for the humanistic. In the very first year of his reign he initiated a crusade against classical education, and advocated the study of the German language and German history as the two subjects around which all literary education ought to revolve.

"The German language shall be the centre of all education." (February, 1890.)

"We must take German as the foundation of the Gymnasium: We have to educate young Germans, and not young Greeks and Romans. The German essay must be the centre round which everything revolves. The boy who can write a perfect German essay for his leaving certificate, enables us to take the measure of his mental development. I would like everything national encouraged in questions of history, geography, and legend." (December, 1890.)

One may regret that in his educational speeches the Kaiser should have been mainly inspired by national motives. Nevertheless, his protests against the abuses of the classical Dryasdusts were only too well founded, and his love for the language of Goethe and Schiller is certainly more to be commended than Frederick the Great's contempt and neglect. And one may well hope that as a result of the Emperor's plea for the study of German, his subjects may in the future devote to the study of the German tongue the same love and reverent attention which the French people for centuries have given to their mother tongue, and which has made the French language

the most perfect instrument for the expression of human thought and emotion.

III.

In conclusion, the speeches of William II. reveal a fresh, sympathetic, intense personality. He is a born optimist. "I am an optimist through and through." (November, 1906.)

"To the living the world belongs, and it is the living that are right. Pessimists I cannot suffer." (September, 1906.)

The same abounding vitality which shows itself in his utterances in his many-sided activities also shows itself in his continuous wanderings. Commenting on the wandering instinct of the Kaiser, a German wit once said that even as the first Emperor will be remembered as the patriarchal Emperor (*der greise Kaiser*), as Emperor Frederick will be known as the wise Emperor (*der weise Kaiser*), even so Emperor William will pass down to posterity as the travelling Emperor (*der reise Kaiser*).

His admirers represent him as pre-eminently a strong man. They point out that one of the first acts of his reign, his dismissal of Bismarck, gave evidence of a strong nature, for only a strong nature could have been capable of sending away the statesman who was the idol of the German people, who had been the hero of his own youth. He dismissed Bismarck because he was not content to *reign*; he was determined to *rule*, and he refused to begin his reign as a "*roi fainéant*." On the other hand, his opponents remind us that he lacks the essential qualities of a strong man. A strong man is characterized by self-restraint, and the Emperor is proverbially impulsive. A strong man is characterized by calmness and repose, and the Emperor is al-

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ways agitated. A strong man is characterized by wisdom, and the Emperor is again carried away by his passions. A strong man is reticent, and the German Emperor is proverbially indiscreet and tactless. No ruler has ever been gullible of more repeated and more serious indiscretions. For the last few years it seems as if the Emperor had learnt from bitter experience to exercise more self-control. What the Germans call his "*gefügelte*," his winged words, have been less numerous. It would seem as if the practical common-sense, which is the hereditary quality of the Hohenzollern, has triumphed over the imagination and emotionalism of youth. Future years will show whether the Kaiser possesses the essential characteristics of the statesman. The Emperor and the Empire have reached a crisis in their destiny: and the Kaiser will have many opportunities in the near future of revealing whether he actually possesses those powers to which he has always laid claim, and whether he will prove equal to the emergencies that may arise. The most earnest hope of his well-wishers and admirers is that he may continue to prove the sincerity of his desire to maintain the peace of the world. On December 22nd, 1888, six months after his accession, the Kaiser said, in reply to an old woman who had handed him a gigantic wreath of flowers: "This is the first laurel which has been given to me; I am happy that it is a laurel of peace." "*Es est der erste Lorbeer, welcher Mir dargereicht wird, Ich freue Mich, dass es ein Lorbeer des Friedens ist.*" Many of his predecessors have won laurels on the battlefield. May the Emperor William win no other laurels but in the peaceful arts of government.

Charles Saroleà.

SPAIN AND THE PICARESQUE.

There never was a time in the history of the world in which there was so violent a passion of movement as to-day. We are none of us content to live our lives in one place. We must all be going somewhere in search of new sights. The railroad no longer keeps pace with our desires. Though we can cross Europe in a couple of days, and travel overland to China in less than a fortnight, we are still avid of new methods. The neatly laid rails which traverse continents seem too formal in the rapidity of our thought. It irks us to present ourselves at a railway station in time for the express. We must settle our own hour and take our journey as we list. So motor-cars come to the aid of railway trains, and for those who cannot bear the sloth and solidity of the earth on which they were born there is the flying machine. In vain we multiply the artifices of progress. The universality of travel has made us forget its meaning. To share your pleasures with all the world is to lose them. Above all, steam and petroleum have killed the spirit of adventure. There are very few wanderers left who are willing to take their chance of a night's lodging under the stars.

Yet once upon a time all the romance of life was on the road. Men rode and fought and gained their living in the free air of heaven. Eagerly did they measure the distance from tavern to tavern. At the landlord's open hearth they found their ease and entertainment. They felt not the ties of house and lands. They were not enslaved by their own possessions. The only police that they knew was the sword at their hip. Their nimble minds did not pierce the sordid mysteries of the ballot-box. It was not for them to vote, but to do. In all the

varied actions of life they were their own representatives.

And nowhere did the spirit of adventure breathe more freely three hundred years since than in Spain, the home of the picaresque in life and letters. There was then a career open to all the talents. Not merely might the wanderer gallop over the yellow mountains, and clatter with his sword at the gates of the little walled towns, which still seem as though they are hung from the sky. He might seek glory in the lowlands, or gold in the mysterious Indies of the South. He was a man of infinite humor and many jests. Even though, as became a Spaniard, he refused to laugh, a smile always wrinkled his mouth, and his tongue was as ready to slip its scabbard as his sword. His prowess was celebrated in many a prose epic. *Lazarillo del Tormes* and *Guzman d'Alfarache* remain the liveliest of their kind. And at the very moment that these creatures of the mind were amusing thousands, one hero there was, who was acting in his own life the very drama of romance. This was *Alonso de Contreras*, a man who by turns was scullion and corsair, soldier and hermit, who fought his way across Europe, pillaged Barbary, measured swords with Sir *Walter Raleigh* in America, and who engrossed in his own person the virtues and vices of the picaresque. And he did something more than this. He sat him down to write his *Memoirs*, and has left us such a picture of his life and times as elsewhere we might look for in vain. Recovered by a Spanish scholar, *Señor Serrano y Sanz*, some ten years ago, the *Memoirs of Contreras* fascinated the distinguished poet, *J. M. De Heredia*, who would have added them to the literature of France had he not been interrupted by death. The work which

he was not permitted to undertake has been accomplished by Messrs. Lami and Rouanet,¹ with so deft a hand that those who have no Spanish may win the intimacy of Alonso de Contreras through the French, with very little sense of the intervention of a foreign tongue. For this version reproduces, with astonishing accuracy, not merely the meaning, but the very style and accent, of the illustrious bandit.

The Memoirs of Contreras are a book of truth and good faith. Though the author is keenly sensible of his own courage and pre-eminence, he has no desire to hide the savagery of his temper. He describes the crimes which he committed in his youth with a singular sincerity. He is too proud or too careless to palliate his sins. In this respect he is plainly superior to Casanova, who is desperately anxious lest his readers should discover the extent of his knavery. At times he almost reaches the height of self-revelation scaled by Samuel Pepys. After the plain sincerity of the book, what strikes the reader most forcibly is its sense of action. Obviously the writer's hand was more familiarly accustomed to the sword than the pen. The narrative is blunt in its brevity, and as direct as a well-aimed shot. Contreras is no man of letters; he has none of the facile tricks of the trade. It is but a span of thought which separates his speech from his deed. He lets you hear on many a page the clash of arms or the straining of his ship's timbers in a storm.

And though he disdains extenuation, he is convinced, like most of his kind, that his life left nothing to regret. Throughout the storm and stress of battle and pillage he remains a devout and practising Christian. When in one

of the great moments of his life he was Governor of Pentellaria, an island off the coast of Barbary, he perceived with sorrow that the church was thatched like a wayside inn. Instantly he set about the work of restoration. He strengthened its roof with beams and battens. He built six arches of stone, and added a pulpit and a sacristy. He adorned the walls with what he thought a magnificent series of paintings. His taste, perchance, was unrestrained, but he did what he could without stint and the best of motives. Nor was he content with the mere act of restoration. He munificently endowed the church, that masses should be said for the repose of his soul, and that every two years the paintings of the church should be cleaned and its walls whitewashed. We wonder whether his pious wishes are still observed, or whether the Church of Our Lady of Pentellaria has passed with its restorer into the limbo of dead forgotten things?

This devotion to the Church came, no doubt, from the desire which obsessed Contreras to stand well with the great ones of the earth. Though he would sacrifice his independence to none, and had no scruple in insulting the President of the Council of the Indies himself, who had thwarted his ambition, he loved to bask in the sun of grandeur. When he is composing a panegyric on the Count of Monterey, he boasts that he has known an infinite number of princes. He delights to describe how easily his eloquence on a certain occasion won the Pope over to his side. Once upon a time there came to Madrid a report that he had been killed, and the capital of Castille was as much moved by the news as if he had been a *grand seigneur*. How should he recall the welcome episode without pride! Nor was that all. His death was first spoken by the Marquis of Barcarrota, in the pelota-court, so that there was

¹ Mémoires du Capitain Alonso de Contreras, Lequel de Marmilton, se fit Commandeur de Malte. Ecrits par lui-même et mis en français par Marcel Lami et Léo Rouanet. Paris: Honoré Champion.

no touch of commonness anywhere. The President of Castille sent forth messengers to discover if the rumor were true, and in case it were to see that the murderer was punished. Contreras was able to declare that he was in the best health, and thus to rejoice the Court of Spain. "There," says he, "that's what comes of being well seen." And what is very rare, even in amiable bandits, he had a lofty appreciation of the poets. An encounter with the great Lope de Vega was in a sense the dream and triumph of his life. It happened when he was hanging about Madrid without a job. If he could, he would have been at sea fighting the Genoese. But the fire of war was cold, and the wished-for expedition did not set out. However, Contreras made the best of it, and considering that he was a poor wretch, begging for employment, he did not come badly off. "Lope de Vega," says he, "took me to his house, saying: 'Sir Captain, with men like you one would willingly share one's cloak.' And so he kept me with him a comrade for more than eight months, giving me to dine and to sup, until the very clothes in which I stood up were a present from him. May God reward him! Not content with that, he dedicated to me a comedy entitled, 'A King without a Kingdom,' recalling my pretended kingship over the Moors." Was ever bandit so magnificently honored!

And a few years later Contreras did his best to honor his benefactor in return by "rejoicing in the charming comedies of the Phoenix of Spain," and by paying him a tribute artless in its simplicity. "Lope de Vega," he wrote, "is a man so eminent in all things, and his books are of such a kind that every one, no matter who, can learn from them how to become a comic poet. To him alone is it reserved to be the honor of Spain and the stupefaction of other nations." The art of becoming a comic poet is not so easily acquired as Con-

treras imagined. But if it were to the inspiration of Lope de Vega that these Memoirs are due, our debt to the Phoenix is vastly increased. That Lope should detect the picturesqueness of his accidental comrade was a matter of course, and the eight months he spent with him in Madrid persuaded him to project an epic, with Contreras for its hero. The epic was not written. And the regret which its loss might suggest is mitigated by the plain and homely prose of Contreras. Epics we have in plenty, praised and unread. The Memoirs of Contreras are unique in the literature of the world.

Such was the man, and his career was worthy of him. He was born in Madrid in 1582. His parents were pious Christians, untainted by the blood of Moor or Jew, and unpunished by the Holy Office. But for all their breeding they were poor, and it was the reproach of poverty which inflamed the young Alonso to the commission of his first crime. He had played truant with another boy of richer parentage, to see the joustings that took place by the bridge of Segovia, and being punished, while the wealthy youngster went free, he stabbed his companion to death with his pen-knife. Confronted with the officers of justice, he denied his guilt, and though the crime was presently brought home to him, he escaped on the plea of tender age with a year's banishment. It is characteristic of his method that he describes this callous murder without a word of regret or sign of penitence. He bore his banishment lightly at his uncle's house at Avila, and when the twelve months were past was back in Madrid, shameless and unafraid. On his return he told his mother that he wished to go to war with the Cardinal. "Dolt," said she, "you are scarce out of your shell, and you want to go to war!" And straightway she apprenticed him to a goldsmith. His high

spirit would not brook the indignity. He was determined to serve none other than the king, and when he had sufficiently insulted the goldsmith, his mother yielded. She gave him a shirt, a pair of sheepskin shoes, four reals, and her blessing, with which equipment, one Tuesday, the 7th of September 1595, at dawn, he set out from Madrid behind the trumpets of the Prince Cardinal.

He was thirteen years of age, and he began his career in the proper spirit. He gambled away his shoes and his shirt and his reals with a seller of sweetmeats, and was left with nothing to protect him save his mother's blessing. However, he earned his living as a turnspit in the Cardinal's kitchen, followed the army to Barcelona, crossed the sea to Savona, and with delight saw artillery at work for the first time. The very smell of the powder made the odors of the kitchen distasteful to him. He knew that his small body was not tenanted by the soul of a scullion, and at last he saw his name enrolled upon the list of soldiers. His first service was with Captain de Menargas, whose shield and lance he carried, and with whom for the first time he scoured the Levant, the scene of his most daring exploits. Palermo knew him, and Naples. He sailed to the Morea on the one hand, on the other to the coast of Barbary. The prizes which he and his comrades took were many and rich. After a short voyage he brought back for his share three hundred crowns in money and kind, to say nothing of a hat full to the brim of double reals. Thus was his boyhood passed. But not even the love of booty could damp his ardor for the sea. He had a passion for navigation. Wherever he went he spoke with pilots; he watched them take their observations, and he made a wonderful map of the Mediterranean, marking every cape and bay from Gibraltar to Asia Minor, from Na-

ples to the African coast, which map he treasured like his life, until one day Prince Philibert of Savoy asked to see it, and liked it so well that he forgot to return it.

This profitable career was too good to last. The high-spirited Alonso could control neither himself nor his companions. A quarrel in a tavern at Palermo ended in the death of the landlord, and Alonso, seizing a felucca, escaped with two accomplices to Naples. Here he tells us with the most enchanting simplicity that he and his friends were taken for men without soul, and their fame grew darker, when after a brawl two were left dead in the street, and Contreras thought it prudent to escape to Malta, where he took service under the Commander Monreal, with whom he victoriously sailed the seas, fighting the Turks, selling the unbelievers into slavery, and meeting everywhere with "pillage, rich and great." But booty was not his only quest. He was always ready to fight the battle of the weak. One day, sailing to Stampalla, he found that the priest had been kidnapped by a set of ruffians of evil life, rascals who armed themselves without the king's patent, and who, though they were Christians, did not scruple to levy toll upon their own kind. The virtue of Alonso was instantly outraged. He set sail after the miscreants' frigate, caught it speedily, marooned its captain on an islet, that he might expiate his sin by dying of hunger, and brought back the priest in triumph to his flock.

So grateful was the flock that it implored Contreras to be its chief, and offered him in marriage a young, rich, and beautiful girl. He could not consent. The life of adventure still called him, and he went off loaded with presents from the grateful islanders. The priest gave him three marvellous carpets; the girl, whose hand he had been forced to decline, offered at his shrine two pairs of embroidered cushions, four

handkerchiefs, and two *herriolas*, wrought with silk and gold. Moreover, to cite his own words, "they sent great refreshments to my frigate, when I made my *adieu*, and their emotion was not less than it will be at the day of judgment."

Then for many years he sailed from Malta, striking terror into the hearts of the infidels, and squandering his money, which cost him so much to get, with both hands, until at last he remembered his fatherland and his mother, to whom he had never written, and asked leave of the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John to revisit Spain. The Master gave him leave reluctantly, and in six days Contreras was in Barcelona, whence he set out on mule-back, with a sergeant, two drummers, and a valet, for Madrid. Many years he had wandered in the East, and he came back with a state and pomp of which the turnspit, who had but one shirt to his back, had never dreamed. His first visit was to his mother, who marvelled when she saw so many mules in the market-place. He fell on his knees before her, and asked her blessing, saying, "I am your son Alonsillo." The poor woman, by this time married again, was covered with confusion. But Alonso saved her embarrassment by going off to the inn, and promising to dine with her on the following day.

Alonso's treatment of his mother was, like the most of his actions, a strange mixture of pomp and sentiment. He was willing to acknowledge her authority, but he wanted to cut as brave a figure as possible before her and her new husband. So he sent to her house a magnificent repast, and came himself in his finest array. His soldiers attended him in full uniform, and his valet walking behind carrying his spear. He loaded his sisters with gifts, and as he had no lack of money he presented his mother with thirty

crowns. "The good woman," said he, "thought herself rich;" and so with her blessing he went off on the march, advising her to respect his new step-father!

There, indeed, you get a picture of the real Alonso, vain, sentimental, and generous. It was not for him to hide from his friends and relatives the magnificence of his life. To be always on parade—that was his ambition. He loved display even better than he loved fighting, and though the East soon called him again, he was consoled that he had made the proper impression upon Madrid. Once more in the thickest of the fight, he was present at the ill-fated siege of Hammamet, where a wrong signal sufficed to drive the Spaniards into a panic, and where the brave D. Juan de Padilla met his death. Then came a respite from the wars, in which, at Palermo, he married the widow of a judge. It is thus that he tells the story himself. "We remained married to our great happiness more than a year and a half. We loved one another, and the respect that I felt for my wife was so great that sometimes out of doors I did not like to cover my head in her presence." Alas, that such an idyll should be rudely disturbed! But presently the jealousy of Contreras was aroused by a page, and he surprised his wife in the arms of a friend. "They died," says he. "God has them in His heaven, if in their evil hour they repented." That is all, and even so much he wrote against the grain. It is characteristic of his reticence that he never mentions her name or the lover's, and of his generosity that he would not touch a penny of her fortune.

And now followed the most strangely freakish episode in a freakish life. Returned to Madrid, he believed himself tricked of preferment by Don Roderigo Calderon, and forthwith he set out for the Escorial to open the matter to

Philip III. The King did but refer him back to Don Roderigo, whose answer was to waylay him on the road, where but for his own prowess he would have been killed. Tired of treachery, still sorrowing for his dead wife, he rode sadly towards Madrid. "During these seven leagues," said he, "I entered into account with myself, and I resolved to go and serve God in the desert." In other words, he made up his mind to take refuge at the Moncayo, and build on that mountain a hermitage, where he should end his days. He set about his task in a business-like spirit. He bought the utensils which he deemed necessary for a hermit. These were a hair-shirt, some disciplines, the rough cloth of which cassocks are made, a sun-dial, many books of penitence, a few seeds, a death's head, and a little hoe. With the implements of his new profession packed in a valise, he set out with two mules and a muleteer. Arrived at the gate of Arcos he implored the officers not to look at his baggage. They insisted, and when they saw what his valise contained, "Señor," they asked, "where are you going with that?" He answered: "To serve for a while another King, for I am tired." They, seeing him thus resolved, were overcome by pity, and as for the muleteer he wept like a child.

So far Contreras had produced the proper effect. He reached his hermitage, and found there no enemies, save a parcel of monks who attempted to make him enter their order. He wore the habit of a bare-footed friar, and put a cassock on his back of the colors of St. Francis. "I led this life," he writes, "for nearly seven months, and nobody heard an ill word of me. I was more joyous than an Easter Day, and I promise you that if they had not dragged me away as they did, I should have been there to-day." His interval of peace did not last long. His enemies found him out, and had him ar-

rested on what he asserts was a false charge of stealing arms, and of being the king of the Moors. The king of the Moors! It would take a man of vivid imagination to invent such a charge, even against himself, and it is hard to say that there was not some more clearly definite charge behind it. If Contreras had ever parleyed with the Moors there was good cause for his arrest. For it was the moment of their disastrous expulsion, and no mercy was shown to them or to their friends. Contreras, of course, protested his innocence, even when put to the question, and declared that it was all due to the spite of a certain commissary, his mortal enemy. In the end his innocence, he declares, was triumphantly vindicated, and the guilt of the commissary as triumphantly established. But the commissary, lucky wight, had plenty of money and good guardian angels, so he suffered no heavier penalty than banishment, and this did not last long, for Contreras himself saw him in Madrid before four years were out.

Some men there are who, happy in the opportunity of adventure, have the luck to be present when strange things happen, and Contreras was of this number. Not long had he emerged from his hermitage than he found himself in garrison at Cambrai. One evening, as he looked out from the wall, a courier arrived; and when he asked him what news he had, "The King of France is dead," he replied.—"stabbed twice by a knife." The rumor was carried to the Governor, and so got abroad. On the next morning the peasants thronged into the town. "The King is dead," said they, "and the unbridled soldiers will put us to the sack." And the king was not dead at all! But nine days later there happened in Paris the crime of Ravallac, of which Cambrai knew the details already. Inquiries were made, and it

was established that on that night, more than a week before, when the news was brought to Cambrai no messenger had hired horses at the post. What, then, to believe? Nothing, said Contreras, who was an eyewitness, save that the courier was either a devil or an angel.

So it was that when he went to the Indies, Contreras encountered no common foe, but the great Sir Walter Raleigh himself. It was in 1618, when Raleigh was on his last disastrous voyage; and Contreras lost no time, he tells us, in coming to close grips with the famous Englishman. He confesses that Raleigh's ships sailed better than his, and that their turn of speed saved them from capture. But he declares also that he killed Raleigh's son with thirteen others, and that the English commander, fleeing in terror, returned as speedily as he could to England.

With good fortune aiding his courage, Contreras could not but come to preferment. He was made a Knight of Malta, he was approved by the Pope, he was honorably received by King Philip IV. His enemies never prospered. Don Fernando Carrillo, the President of the Council of the Indies, who insolently refused him the post of Admiral, fell dying in the street. The several attempts made to poison him failed, one and all. With great content he passed some years in the service of the Count of Monterey,

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who more than all his contemporaries understood the splendor of life. And though he fell into disgrace with this nobleman, he abated not a jot his admiration for his master nor his respect for himself. His book matches his life in character and interest. It displays a talent for the laconic that has rarely been surpassed. Its candor stops, as we have said, only at a faithful recital of the charges brought against him from time to time. We cannot help thinking that the pretexts which Contreras puts in the minds and mouths of his enemies are insufficient for their rancor. Unhappily the *Memoirs* end abruptly and without excuse. We know not how our excellent Alonso came by his death. Was it on the battlefield, or the gallows, or in his comfortable bed? In his bed, we are sure. Such heroes as he, when they have passed their fortieth year, learn to guard their freedom and their life. Contreras, too, always had a taste for an honorable seclusion, so long as it was picturesque and well advertised. That he lived to a dignified old age we may take as certain. Possibly he retired, full of years and wealth, to his native Madrid, and there, sitting in his cool courtyard, discoursed of those days long past, when he swept the Barbary corsairs from the sea, and spent his booty, like a gentleman, in the taverns of Naples and Malta.

THE LANTERN BEARERS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVERINS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Helga's cab had arrived at the top of Wimbledon Hill and had driven a little way along the main road leading to Putney. Now it turned into a private drive following other cabs, carriages, and cars. Apparently Helga had chosen a crowded moment for her entry

into the gay world. She wondered whether any other girl was going by herself. She felt frightened, interested, and expectant. Even outside the house the lights, the panting of the cars and the slow progression seemed to be part of the fun: and when they got close she heard the strains of music, for

it was a hot night and all the windows were open. Now her cab stopped, some one opened the door, she got out and walked into a hall that seemed full of people. Some one else signed her into a cloakroom that was full of ladies taking off smart evening coats and cloaks. Helga wore an old Indian chuddah, and gave it hastily to a maid in return for a numbered ticket. She peeped over another girl's shoulder at a mirror, saw her unfashionable coiffure in close proximity to the latest waves and curls, followed the girl into the hall, and kept as close to her as she dared on the way to the room from which the music came. Here, on the threshold stood the tall figure of Mrs. Warwick, whom she had known as a child and now remembered. Unfortunately Mrs. Warwick did not remember her, and though her name was mumbled with others it was not noticed. A stream of people preceded her past the hostess, a stream behind hurried her on. An automatic smile, a glance that tried, but failed, to recognize her, a touch of the hand, and the girl passed on into a big, well-lighted room where there was dancing. For a moment she stood within the door bewildered and lonely. Then, keeping as close to the wall as she could, she sidled towards an empty bench and sat down. She wondered what would happen next, and hoped soon to be dancing. Meanwhile she was content to look on for a time and see how others danced and what was their demeanor. Certainly her hair was not right. She had a great deal, and her mother had wished her to wear it in two heavy broad plaits crowning her like a diadem. But no other girl in the room wore plaits at all. Every one had the back hair coiled or curled and great wavy puffs standing out on either side of the face. Their gowns were unlike hers too, for nearly all were of thin filmy materials, and many were

embroidered. Helga knew that she ought not to be drawing these comparisons or thinking of her own appearance with dissatisfaction. Her mother had always told her that it did not matter what you looked like provided you behaved well and had pleasant manners. Possibly her mother was right, but how can you have pleasant manners when you sit by yourself on a long bench in a crowded ballroom? The position proclaims failure, and is uncomfortably conspicuous. Helga looked at the happy people revolving past her and tried hard to look happy herself: she cast timid glances towards the end of the room where several matrons sat together and talked; but she had no courage to go near them. Presently the dance came to an end and people sat down beside her. That was a little better, but not much, for no one spoke to her, and after a short interval the young men went off to find new partners while other young men came for the girls near Helga. The musicians struck up a waltz, an enchanting waltz that set Helga longing to move to it, and every one except Helga and the matrons began to dance again.

The girl tried valiantly not to mind, or rather not to show that she minded. If only she could have hidden behind other people she would have felt quite calm and comfortable. It was the publicity of her loneliness that made it so hard to bear. People who passed and repassed began to stare and wonder. At least she thought so. As a matter of fact, she was too pretty and too quaint-looking to escape notice. Besides, no one seemed to know who she was. Mrs. Warwick had neither husband nor children to help her take care of her guests, and the two nieces on whom she depended were entirely occupied in taking care of themselves and their intimate friends. Their aunt had looked in once or twice, but had thought she saw all the young

folks dancing. Some of them had hidden Helga from her view. As the waltz went on the crush became greater, for new arrivals found partners and joined in halfway through. Helga chose a moment when a throng of dancers pressed back towards her to rise from her seat and wriggle past them to the door. No one seemed to notice her as she looked fearfully around the empty hall. She did not want to meet Mrs. Warwick and be asked where she was going, because she did not know. She had not the least idea where she was going or what she could do. She was possessed by a single desire—to escape from that hateful bench where she had sat, as men used to stand, pilloried for punishment, the butt of all eyes. She ran from the room into the empty hall, and then discovered that her plight was not much better than before. Her common sense told her that it was only empty by accident and for a moment, and that if she was found there she would probably be taken back to the dancers. The lights in a conservatory, that opened by one door into the drawing-room and by another into the hall, decided her. She went in and again found herself alone.

But the place enchanted her and she did not mind being here alone. There was a great show of flowers, and she walked slowly round trying to make out their names. Then she went through a door into another house, and this had two or three chairs in it and tall palms, and a fountain playing into a basin with a water lily and goldfish. The place was lighted with Chinese lanterns, and when Helga sat down on the marble edge of the basin and took off her glove because she wanted to catch a goldfish, she hoped that none of the other guests would come here when the waltz was over and drive her away. She dabbled her hand in the cool water and tried to catch the fish that came

by; but he evaded her. She tried for the next and the next and the next again: she leaned over towards the water: she smiled with mischief and amusement, and she had no idea that a young man hidden behind a palm was watching her and wondering who she could be. He saw that she was unlike the other girls here to-night, and he thought the difference was between prose and poetry. He watched the slender grace of her young body as she half lay along the edge of the fountain, and once, when she lifted her head suddenly at some slight sound he made, he saw her eyes. When the fish baffled her she smiled, and her smile was full of life and sweetness. Why did she wear her hair like a crown round her small head? and what was there about her gown that made it like a gown in a picture but not quite like the gowns other girls were wearing. It looked as if it had been taken just as it was out of some old chest, and she looked as if she had materialized there out of a pre-Victorian dream. He could not place her with those other everyday girls from whom he had run away for half an hour because he wanted to think and smoke. He knew, for instance, that Marcella Stair expected him to sit out with her although he could not dance to-night, and that to-night or to-morrow, this week or next, he must make up his mind whether in other ways he would fulfil her expectations. He was only twenty-three, but Marcella Stair had fifty thousand pounds, and Clive's father had declared himself quite unmistakably of late in favor of early marriages. Marcella had also declared herself in a lady-like and unobtrusive way. Suddenly his mind made itself up, without effort and without fear of backsliding. Marcella Stair was fair, tall and chilly, with no depths and no surprises. When she looked at you she reminded you just exactly of—Marcella Stair and

of nothing more. She could not be more to any one. "Her soul was like a star and dwelt apart." Why did this line of all others come into Clive's mind as he watched the girl by the fountain? He thought it must be because she looked as if she had dwelt apart with her fancies and her quaint attire. Who could she be, and why was she here by herself when the rest of the world was dancing? He got up as softly as he could from his chair because he did not want to startle her, but the slight rustle he made was enough. The girl sprang to her feet on tiptoe for a flight like the poet's sweet-peas. Probably she would have fled if she had not missed her glove. She looked for it on the floor and as she did so Clive fished it dripping out of the water. She took it from him and then—where in the world had she been raised?—she dropped him a prim little curtsy, just such a curtsy as he supposed Miss Austen's young women made to people a hundred years ago.

"I am much obliged to you," she said.

"I am afraid it is too wet to wear," said he.

She was holding it daintily from her so that the water should not drip on her white silk gown. Her eyelids veiled her eyes as she looked down at it, and then she lifted them and looked at him. He wished she could stay so for ever.

"It doesn't matter much, as I'm not dancing," she said.

"Don't you like dancing?" he asked.

The little smile that had bewitched him when she tried to catch the goldfish came into her eyes now.

"I can't remember much about it," she said, "it is so long since I was at a dance."

"Are you more than a hundred years old?" said Clive, "do you live in that fountain?"

"I am nearly nineteen," she said; "I went to children's parties when I was seven."

"Shall we sit down a bit?" said Clive, persuasively; and he led the way, limping a little Helga observed, to the place he had just vacated. There were two chairs there.

"I hurt my foot a bit at footer the other day," he explained. "It's nearly all right, but I'm not dancing to-night."

Helga wondered, if this was so, why had he cared to come.

"That's why I'm sitting here by myself," he went on.

"I came because I got tired of sitting all alone on a long bench," said Helga.

"How did that happen? Did no one ask you to dance?"

She shook her head slightly and said nothing; but she looked rather sorry and even a little ashamed.

"I wish I could dance," said Clive, "rough luck. And yet—I don't know."

"What don't you know?" asked Helga. She was observing her new friend thoughtfully, more puzzled so far than pleased or flattered by the ardent admiration in his eyes. She had not seen the same expression in the eyes of those other young men when they were dancing with those other girls.

"It's pleasanter out here than in there—now you've come," explained Clive.

"Were you feeling lonely?"

"Rather."

"Just as I did—on that bench."

"It's a beastly feeling, isn't it?"

"Ye-es—at least it was in there, because people stared so."

"Of course they did."

"I think it was very rude of them," said Helga, drawing herself up.

"So do I."

"I knew the moment I came—when I stood behind that tall, fair girl in pink——"

"Marcella Stair?"

"Yes. I heard some one call her Miss Stair. I went up behind her—and I knew my hair was all wrong."

"Your beautiful hair—all wrong!"

"And my gown too. I know I look different——"

"You do," said Clive, with conviction; and then, to his horror, he saw the corners of Helga's firm little mouth give way, struggle valiantly not to give way, and in the end betray her as plainly as her eyes did, which were dim with unshed sudden tears.

"How can I help it?" she cried passionately.

"You can't," he said with equal passion, "you were born so and have stayed so. But why should it make you cry?"

They had known each other for ten minutes and now they were gazing at each other in a tumult of sympathy and swift attraction that they both felt to be absurd yet irresistible. Helga sat there rather stiffly, crowned like a queen with her dark hair, dressed like a picture in her straight rich gown, her eyes softened by tears, her slim body backed by the green spreading palms. In one of her hands she still held the long dripping glove, in the other she now had a handkerchief that Clive saw was fine but over large. She stealthily dabbed at her eyes with it.

"I'm not crying," she said.

"I'll find you twenty partners in five minutes—if you really want them," said her new friend.

"I don't want them—if I can have them," murmured Helga, behind her handkerchief.

"I think they might wait a bit," said Clive, and then mumbled something about a longer innings.

Helga looked at him, attracted strongly, uncertain what to say or do. The wide and intimate knowledge of the world she derived from romances told her that it is not usual for a debutante at her first ball to sit in a conservatory all the evening with an unknown young man. But then it is not usual for a debutante to run away from

the ballroom because she feels neglected and conspicuous there.

"I will stay here a little longer," she said sedately, "and then I will go back."

Clive was in a long chair that supported his damaged foot. He looked athletic, young, and well groomed. His school and college record had been steady but not glorious. He was destined by his father for the Bar. He was the only son of a man who made money his god; but he was also the son of his mother, and no one knew yet whether Clive would follow in his father's footsteps. So far he had taken life as it came, looking serenely at his shaped future, enjoying the present. As for his looks, they were pleasant; but if Helga, after an hour's acquaintance, saw her favorite heroes in his form, of his colors, and speaking with his voice, that only shows that the god of Love will be at his tricks in our new world as successfully as ever he was in the old one. Clive certainly had a smile that, like Klartan's, would win gods and men, and he had sensible gray eyes. His mother was a beautiful woman, and the family verdict was that Clive managed to be the plain image of her, while his sister Violet resembled a father with no looks at all and was nevertheless a pretty girl.

"I'm afraid your glove is done for," he said, watching Helga.

"Yes," said Helga, "it is unfortunate; however, I may never want an evening glove again."

This made Clive look at her in surprise.

"Why should you say that?" he inquired.

"I cannot tell you why without referring to things that would not interest you," replied Helga. She spoke like an old-fashioned book sometimes, Clive reflected, and her sedate manner, like the curtsy she had made, belonged to

an old-fashioned world; yet she carried the freshness of her youth more clearly than girls did who were of the latter-day world.

"Everything about you interests me," said Clive. "To begin with, I should like to know your name."

"My name is Helga Byrne."

Most people when they receive a slight shock do not jump or scream or wave their hands. On the contrary their mental machinery seems to stop for a moment, to drop a beat and then go on as usual. This at any rate is what happened to Clive when Helga told him her name, and the only sign of inward trouble she saw in his face was a quickly passing shadow that she could not interpret.

"How do you spell it?" he asked.

"B-y-r-n-e," said Helga. She waited a moment, wondering why he did not tell her his name.

"I am called Helga after my grandmother in Germany," she went on. "My mother is a German."

"Yes," said Clive, and sighed.

"Did you know? How could you know? Do I speak with a German accent? Surely not."

"Certainly not," said Clive; and just then a rustle and a footstep announced some one on the way to them. It was Mrs. Warwick.

"I'm so sorry," she began, addressing Clive and looking in a puzzled way at Helga as well as at him. She took Helga to be a cousin from the country brought by Marcella Stair, and as Clive knew Marcella it was natural that he should be acquainted with her pretty cousin.

"Marcella told me you were in here—alone," she said; and then she turned to Helga, who had risen from her chair and moved away a little as if she thought her hostess might wish to take it.

"Don't get up," she said; "I can't stay. I just came to see whether

bridge— But how is your foot, Clive?"

"It's nearly all right, thanks. I can't dance, but I can walk. We were just going into the garden."

"Oh! the garden—yes," said Mrs. Warwick, disjunctedly; "it's cooler out there—and as dry as a bone—and moonlight."

She looked curiously at Helga, who had showed no signs of recognition at Marcella's name. She could not place this girl in the well-to-do Devonshire Rectory from which Marcella's cousin came. Helga was not sufficiently smart and of the world. Her appearance and manner were those of the traditional "country cousin" who, throughout the length and breadth of these islands, is not to be found in the country. She was quaint, simple, shy, of an elusive beauty, blue-eyed and with a crown of hair, a heavy plaited crown that no smart country cousin would wear.

"I'll tell Marcella you're both in the garden," she murmured, and sailed away.

"Who is Marcella, and why should she be told that I am in the garden?" asked Helga.

"Marcella Stair. Don't you know her?"

"No."

"She lives in Surbiton, mostly, with an aunt."

"I live in Surbiton."

"Then I suppose Mrs. Warwick thought you had come together."

"I don't think she knows who I am."

"I'll tell her—afterwards," said Clive. "Shall we go into the garden now before the music stops and all the seats are taken?"

This artful suggestion that others would join them persuaded Helga that it was a proper thing to do; and when they found a comfortable seat for two on a gravelled terrace she thought that life brought pleasant moments. The

music could be heard here indistinctly, the air was sweet with the scent of stocks from a bed of these unattractive but fragrant flowers close by; and the moon shone on the garden as it had shone for countless generations of young people, tuning their mood and drawing them to each other by its mystic light.

"We will stay out here," said Clive. "You don't want to dance with people you don't know, do you?"

"Do I know you?" said Helga.

"You will by the end of the evening," said Clive.

CHAPTER IV

When the music stopped, two or three couples straggled into the garden, strolled about there for a short time and then went into the house.

"Perhaps we ought to go in too," said Helga.

"I ought not," said Clive; "I can't dance, you see, and my doctor tells me to sit out of doors as much as possible. Besides, how are we to get to know each other—indoors? Some one would want to dance with you."

"They didn't seem eager before," said Helga.

"I wouldn't trust them, though; but, I say, would you rather go in and dance?"

"I don't want to sit alone on that bench again."

"This bench is pleasanter, isn't it?" said Clive.

Helga could hardly believe that so short a time could bring about so vast and thrilling a change. Two hours ago she had driven to the house, a shy lonely girl, who had led the life of a recluse, had hardly known a young man, and had never been within sight or earshot of a love affair. She had not even grown up with other girls. The love stories she knew were those of poetry and romance, and in them to be sure love often came like thunder

upon peaceful places. But she had never dreamed that her own horizon would be gray one hour and aflame with all the colors of life the next. When Clive asked her if she wanted to go in she could neither say *yea* nor *nay*. The commotion of spirit she tried to hide from him was unlike anything in her young experience, and she did not know whether it was leading her to joy or misery. He took her silence for agreement, and they sat on there together, the magic of the summer night making a background for the inner history of a memorable hour. They could hear the waltz to which others were dancing and they were spared the garish lights, the crowd, and the jar of other voices. They made little excursions into the unknown together, little journeys of discovery all leading one way, though she did not know it, and all having a deceptive air of keeping to the beaten track of the obvious and the indifferent. It was, on the whole, Helga who talked of herself while Clive listened.

"Where did you go for your summer holiday this year?" he had asked.

"We stayed at home," Helga had answered. "We always do."

"But you just said that you had once been to Pontresina?"

"That was years and years ago, when I was a child."

Clive's silence was sympathetic. He guessed at financial disaster and asked no questions.

"I suppose you often go on the river?" he said soon.

"I have never been on the river," said Helga.

"Don't you like it? At Surbiton of course it's cockneyfied; but still—"

"I'm sure I should like it," said Helga. She had one of those uncomfortable moments that must inevitably come to people whose fortunes are much poorer than those of their social equals: moments that emphasize their

exclusion from the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of their caste. She was not ashamed of being poor, but she was making the everyday discovery that the depths of your poverty are difficult to hide and at the same time difficult to reveal. Most people are extraordinarily slow to guess that when you refrain from what is pleasant it is because money is scarce. Shillings for boats had been as far beyond Helga's reach as pounds for more costly pleasures.

"We live quietly," she said. "We know no one and go nowhere."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No. I am an only child."

"Where did you go to school?"

"I never went to school."

"That accounts for it," thought the young man to himself; "that is why she is so quaint and unlike every one else; that is why she looks so old-fashioned and sits up so straight and sometimes speaks so primly. She has not been brought up with the twentieth-century girl. She is mid-Victorian; she has never seen a hockey stick; probably she could not drive a car; possibly her slang is no more up-to-date than the rest of her. But these are things that can be set right with time and care."

"Have you no friends?" he asked.

"My mother is my friend," said Helga, and she did not speak as a prig, but with simplicity, answering his question.

"Did she educate you?" asked Clive, for he had fallen in love as quickly as Cophetua did, and meant that this maid should be his queen. So he naturally wanted to know what treasures of knowledge and virtue lay behind her lovable mien.

"If you can call it educating," said Helga; "we have always read a great deal together—English, French, and German—and I can do simple addition;

but I am very ignorant. It often troubles me—lately."

"Why?"

"Because I ought to go out into the world."

"What for?"

"To earn my living; but I have no idea where to go or how to do it. The only things I understand well are things any one can do—house things, I mean. I suppose I might teach small children, but my handwriting is not good, and I am shaky about spelling."

"Then they'd give you the sack at once," said Clive. "It would never do, you know, to teach children wrong spelling. You take my advice and don't try it."

"What would you advise me to try, then?" said Helga.

"You might be a companion."

"That's so dull."

"Not if you choose the right person—for better for worse—don't you know?"

They were looking at each other gravely, she reading wisdom and friendship in his face, and he seeing an adorable innocence and trust in hers. Then, as a wave breaks in foam, their absurd solemnity melted away in a ripple of young laughter.

"Come and have supper," said Clive; "the music has stopped. It must be time."

Meanwhile Mrs. Warwick, true to her word, had informed Marcella Stair that her cousin from Devonshire was with Clive in the conservatory, and Marcella Stair had informed Mrs. Warwick that her cousin from Devonshire had not come to Surbiton yet.

"But who is the girl with Clive?" said Mrs. Warwick, distractedly; "she arrived with you and I took for granted—"

"I have no idea who she is," said Miss Stair; "no one arrived with me. I came by myself in the car."

"She has on a thick white silk made very simply, like pictures of the Empress Josephine, and dark hair done in a heavy crown of plaits."

"Oh! That girl! I saw her sitting by herself. What an odd little person for Clive."

It was on the tip of Mrs. Warwick's tongue to say that Helga was a lovely little person, but just in time she reflected that this was perhaps better left unsaid. Every one knew that Marcella Stair had money, and that Clive's parents encouraged her advances to their son; but no one had hitherto been able to say that Clive made advances to Marcella. The opinion of men was that Clive had grit, and would not be entangled against his will; but the women who looked on considered his capitulation a mere question of time. In modern England little comedies of this kind are not broadly discussed except in kitchens, or in parlors where kitchen manners prevail, but there are ways of watching the players, and taking sides. Mrs. Warwick, as it happened, liked Clive much and Marcella little. She thought Marcella was one of those women who are admired in a loud, united, disingenuous chorus, and criticized in whispers. She had been educated with great care, but education can never quite change the quality of the stuff it handles. Sometimes it seems to act like an elaborate icing put on a cheap cake. When you break beneath the surface you find a compound that surprises you by its poverty.

"I must find out who that pretty child is," Mrs. Warwick thought to herself. "Perhaps she has come to the wrong house, like 'The Man from Blankley's.'"

But a hostess with neither husband nor children to help her has her hands full, and Mrs. Warwick was in the supper-room trying to look after every one at once when she saw Helga again.

Even then she could not reach her directly, and while she was trying to do so, Clive, having placed the girl at a small table, came towards his hostess on his way to the buffet.

"Who is that pretty girl?" she asked. "None of us know."

"She is Miss Byrne," said Clive.

"Byrne! Do you mean that she is little Helga Byrne—that pretty girl?"

"She's as pretty as paint," Clive agreed.

"Of course! I sent her a card at a venture, and she accepted, and she has come. What a darling she looks! But, my dear boy, does she know who you are?"

"Not yet," said Clive; "I'll tell her in good time."

"Don't wait too long," Mrs. Warwick murmured; and then some one else claimed her attention.

Helga thought it was a new chapter in an enchanting history, to come from the moonlit garden into this gay, crowded room, to watch the people near her, to wait happily for Clive's return with a waiter helping him to bring food and wine, and then to discover that her friend and she were both agreeably, common-sensibly glad of their supper.

"It is nicer than ginger-beer," she said reflectively, as she sipped her champagne.

"Have you never tasted champagne before?" said Clive, because he felt responsible, and he had heard hair-raising stories of girls ignorantly drinking more than they should. But in some ways this girl seemed to know very well what she was about.

"We used to have it at Christmas and on birthdays," she said; "we can't now, because there is none left. I never drink more than half a glass."

In the conservatory and in the garden Helga's charm had been as elusive as her beauty. His first impression of her had stayed with him, the impres-

sion of a girl half lying on the edge of a fountain, smiling at her image in it, risen from its depths, created of its waters. But here amidst the realities of life she gained reality. Her mouth was firm as well as sweet, and so was her short, rounded chin: while her laugh made him long already for the time when he heard it everywhere, because where he went she went with him. It was a low, clear laugh of pure enjoyment, and it meant that if Helga had been born in a hay-loft and bred in a barn she would have spread happiness and found it, in the world around her.

"I am engaged for the next dance," Clive said grudgingly, when they had no excuse for sitting together at supper any longer, "shall I find you a partner? Do you care to dance?"

"Yes, I do," said Helga, promptly. "If I go home and tell them I haven't danced once they'll think I've been a failure."

"I hope you don't feel that you've been one," said Clive, anxiously. "I'm sure you must dance well."

"I dance like a feather."

"I can see you would; and I've a bad foot."

"But you say you are engaged for this dance?"

"Oh! we're going to sit out," said Clive, gloomily. "I shall come back to you the moment it's over."

"I'm like Cinderella," said Helga. "Before the clock strikes twelve I must be out of the house and half way down the hill—to get my train."

"But you're not going home by train."

"I am."

"By yourself—at midnight! Impossible!"

"My father and mother would think so too. Don't blame them. They have given me the money for a cab."

"Then why don't you use it?"

"Do you know what a cab costs from

Wimbledon to Surbiton after midnight?"

"I'm afraid I don't," admitted Clive.

"Eight to ten shillings probably, and my cab here cost six. I never thought about the cabs when I said I *must* come to the dance. I ought to have done."

"How far is your house from Surbiton station?"

"About a quarter of an hour—up-hill."

Clive said nothing more in dissuasion. When they arrived in the drawing-room he left her for a moment and then returned with a cheerful-looking young man whom he introduced as Mr. Munro. The young man invited Helga to dance with him, and Clive went to look for Marcella Stair. He found her in the hall.

"Shall we go into the garden?" she said.

"Won't you find it chilly?" said Clive.

"Perhaps."

A moment of frosty silence marked her displeasure. She had been one of the people who went out into the garden just before supper and she had seen him sitting there with Helga.

"The conservatory is all right," Clive went on; "I was in there for a long time."

"Yes, I know," said Marcella; "Mrs. Warwick told me."

Her manner was that of a righteous person who stops the unrighteous on the brink of an indiscreet and uncomfortable confession. Clive felt both checked and indignant.

"What's the matter, Marcella?" he said, for they were old friends.

"The matter!"

"Oh! well, never mind. Come and sit down. I suppose you've been dancing all the evening?"

"Yes! I've been dancing all the evening."

Marcella spoke with the level and deliberate precision that is a sign of extreme anger. Her profile was austere.

As she sat down in the conservatory her eye was caught by a long wet glove lying on the edge of a flower-pot.

"What is that?" she said, picking it up gingerly and dropping it at once as if it offended her.

"A glove," said Clive, stretching out his hand for it.

"Oh! you can't touch the thing," she said, and threw it from her. It fell out of sight behind a palm.

"How is your foot?" she said, changing her tone to one of greater friendship.

"Nearly all right."

"Shall you be able to play tennis next week?"

"I think so."

For a time their talk dribbled on, what they said being of no importance and what was important finding no expression in anything they said. The girl's displeasure melted from the surface of her manner, but Clive guessed that it still lodged in her mind. Still, when her face was more smiling and her voice more friendly he gathered courage to make the request he had at heart; for, like most generous natures he expected to succeed with an appeal to generosity.

"I say, Marcella," he began, and his very halt and stumble acted as a danger signal.

She waited silently for him to go on, and her cool inquiring glance fell on his eagerness like an icicle.

"I suppose you're motoring back to Surbiton," he said.

"I am."

"Shall you be by yourself?"

"No. I'm taking Lillian Hille with me. She is coming to stay."

"But your car holds more than two."

"It holds four."

"I wish you'd take Miss Byrne back—the girl I took in to supper. She lives in Surbiton, and she means to walk to the station and take the train—at this time of night."

"Well, if she means to, she is probably used to going about in that way," said Miss Stair.

"She has never been to a dance before; she is very young."

"Then what are her parents about to allow such a thing?"

"They didn't," said Clive, and then stopped short. Helga's little confidences about their poverty, the cab money and her scheme for saving it must not be passed on to hostile ears.

"Never mind," he said shortly; "I ought not to have asked you."

"I don't think you ought," said Marcella. "I know who these Byrnes are. We live quite near them, but we should not seek their acquaintance. The man is a clerk and the woman hangs out her own washing. I have seen your little person helping with it."

"She is one of Mrs. Warwick's guests," said Clive.

"Dear Mrs. Warwick—she is so kind hearted," said Marcella.

"She is also fastidious."

"She thought this girl was my cousin—Patricia Stair—that was not discriminating, was it?"

"I have never seen Patricia Stair."

"She is not in the least like Miss Byrne."

"I have never seen any one like Miss Byrne."

"Oh! she is quite fluffy and pretty," said Marcella. Clive stood up.

"What does 'fluffy' mean?" he asked.

"Oh, well," said Marcella, rising too, "it means—perhaps it means a glove dropped into the water."

"That was my fault," said Clive, with stupid male downrightness. "I startled her."

"I am sure you did," said Marcella, sweetly, and nodded to him as she went back into the drawing-room.

"I wish I knew how to grind my teeth," thought Clive, savagely; "I believe I feel like the villain when he does it."

He stood still for a while and stared at an india-rubber plant as if it had enraged him, and then he went up to the huge palm behind which Marcella had thrown the glove. With a violent exertion of strength that relieved his feelings he dragged it a little further away from the conservatory wall, and Mrs. Warwick coming in a moment later found him, still hot and thunderous, grubbing behind the pot for something he apparently could not reach.

"What can you have lost?" she said.

"My temper!" said he.

"Behind that palm?"

"Yes. It was thrown there."

Mrs. Warwick had just met Marcella Stair looking as if she too had left her temper behind her; so, like a discreet woman, she asked no further questions.

"Miss Byrne has just bid me good-bye," she said; "I wanted her to stay and have some more dancing, but she said she could not."

Clive, whose head was half hidden, again gave the huge pot a second vindictive shove, seemed to grab at something behind it, and reappeared with a dissipated-looking glove dangling from his hand.

"Where is she?" he said breathlessly. "I must find her. This is her glove. She will want it."

"She is putting on her cloak," said Mrs. Warwick; and she smiled to herself as the young man hurried away.

"His temper was thrown there by Marcella Stair," she said to herself, "and when he finds it again it is Helga Byrne's glove. How artless of him to tell me, and how angry Marcella would be if she knew he had. But it is Marcella who has a temper. I wonder if Clive has told that pretty child who he is yet—and what will come of it. If I had known who she was at the beginning I should have kept them away from each other."

(To be continued.)

M. STOLYPIN'S FAILURE.

It would be an instructive inquiry which would seek to determine how often the peoples of the West have said that Russia had entered at last on the normal career of a European State. Our forefathers said it in the days of Peter the Great. It was said once more when the first Alexander joined the Allies to destroy Napoleon. Our fathers repeated it when the serfs were liberated. We said it ourselves when the first Duma met, and the more conservative among us said it most loudly of all as they watched M. Stolypin building up a seemingly solid road of middle courses. The revolution to all appearance had been crushed, while the worst excesses of the secret police and the extreme reaction were nothing

but an evil memory. The mysterious crime which has ended the career of the man who alone imposed this moderate policy on all the forces of extravagance and strife, recalls us sharply from these prophecies. Russia is as far as ever from sliding quietly into the path of a normal European conservatism. The passions of the revolution and the reaction, the habits of a secret police which had become a licensed regiment of criminals, the long tradition of violence and ruthlessness in which an entire people has been trained, have still their influence to deflect the course of Russian history. How it will end no man can predict, but it will not resemble the quiet and orderly evolution of the Prussian State, which it would

fain have taken for its model. That we must calculate on the incalculable, that we must expect the reappearance of this bloody thread of barbarism in the web of Russian destiny, is the moral of this murder, whatever was its motive.

The facts of the tragedy are inextricably obscure, and it is not likely that the world will ever learn the whole truth from the confessions of the assassin. One discerns in Bogroff a typical product of Russian conditions, so remote from our experience that he seems to be the invention of an unskilled romancer. What is certainly known of him is that he was a law-student of Kleff who affected revolutionary opinions, and was, in fact, deep in the confidence of the secret police, to whom he habitually denounced his simpler comrades of the University. By his own account he murdered M. Stolypin in order to rehabilitate himself with the terrorists, who had begun to suspect his connection with the police. But one has only to recall the record of the police-terrorist, Azeff, to frame another theory of the crime. There is little doubt that Azeff planned his murders and achieved them with ease, because his victims were persons whom the inner ring of the secret police and the extreme reaction desired to have "removed." It is not impossible that M. Stolypin has fallen a victim to a similar plot. A man of middle courses makes enemies in both camps, and almost from his first ascent to power he had been the butt of the furious denunciations of the more criminal reactionaries—the Jew-baiters whose " pogroms " he stopped, the " true Russian men " whom he deprived of their official subsidies, and the corrupter section of the bureaucracy whose robberies he exposed and checked. It is not impossible that Bogroff was the tool of this under-world. That he murdered at the bidding of the Revolutionary So-

cialists is, on the whole, the less probable theory. Their organization had been shattered by the exposure of Azeff, and for nearly three years the policy of political murders seemed to have been abandoned. It is difficult to believe that this organization, after a lesson so terrible in the treacheries and basenesses which lie in wait for the conspirator, could wittingly use as its instrument a detected police-spy.

There is only one canon which an open-minded and objective criticism can apply to such a career as M. Stolypin's. It must be judged by its results. We find no difficulty in accepting the flattering view of his personality current among most Englishmen, whether diplomatists or journalists, who had dealings with him. He had the magnetism which can communicate its own self-confidence; his record gives proof of a serene and distinguished personal courage, and we can readily believe that even when he seemed to be infusing a species of dictatorship on Russia, he acted from disinterested and patriotic motives. A man who concentrates in his own hands a degree of power so nearly absolute, stakes everything on success and gambles with the chances of politics and mortality. If fortune favors him, history will condone the methods that he used, and see in his achievement the proof of his sagacity. His aim seemed to be to intervene with his virile and opportunist temperament to establish order, prosperity, and a qualified modicum of liberty in a society torn by passions and idealisms. He had to deal with parties of which none alone seemed capable of power. The Liberal " Cadets " had blundered in an extraordinarily difficult crisis, and had contrived to forfeit their repute as Moderates, while losing, at the same time, the sympathy and confidence of the Socialist Left. The Octobrist Conservatives had little backing in the country, and could not have won an

election without the aid of a *coup d'état*. It is easy to follow the calculation which induced M. Stolypin to destroy the first and second Dumas, and to establish by an arbitrary decree a reactionary franchise which admitted of manipulation. The severity of his measures against all the advanced parties, and his wholesale proscription of the Socialist deputies of the second Duma were also at the moment natural items in a Conservative policy. He meant to end the revolutionary period, to clear the atmosphere of wild hopes and panic fears, and to inaugurate a period of slow progress and solid work. There were elements of success on his side. The Russian temperament is capable of sudden heroisms and exaltations, but it is also subject to moral collapses and abject despairs. It lay prostrate under M. Stolypin's rule, and the young men who had spent their ardor in political adventure flung aside their civic ideals and sought relief in cynicism or in decadent art. A clever statesman might have used such a moment to inaugurate a period of moderate liberty, moderate constitutionalism, and material content.

It is rather for his failure to use this propitious moment than for the violence of his beginnings that history will condemn M. Stolypin. He had procured a tame and moderate Duma, but instead of using it to satisfy the tepid aspirations of the more comfortable classes, he treated it with a uniform contempt. He ignored its debates, disdained to reply to its feeble remonstrances, and legislated, when it suited him, over its head. He lost no occasion, moreover, of affirming, often in provocative phraseology, the unlimited autocracy of the Tsar. The excuse of overt disorder for the maintenance of all the extra-legal machinery of courts-martial, states of siege and banishment by administrative decree, passed away comparatively early in his long lease of

power. Yet to the last he refused to sweep away these remnants of the barbaric autocracy, and Russia is no nearer to the enjoyment of elementary civil liberties than she was when his Premiership began. It is only just to give him credit for checking the worst excesses of the reactionary clique. It was no small achievement to have stopped the semi-official massacres of Jews. If he could not adequately punish or wholly repress the criminal reactionary leagues, he was at least strong enough to require the Tsar to withdraw his public support from them. But, despite the disappearance of these scoundrels, the old cruelties of the prisons continued with hardly a check, and at no other period of modern Russian history could a more damaging indictment have been launched against the Government than the exposure of M. Stolypin's treatment of political prisoners, which Prince Kropotkin published on the occasion of the Tsar's visit to Cowes. The apologists of M. Stolypin defended his policy on the assumption that it aimed at establishing not, indeed, a Liberal State, but at all events, a reign of order and law under constitutional guarantees, on the model of bureaucratic Prussia. A policy of that type would have been capable of a plausible defence, even if it had involved an initial period of repression. But it was much less than this which M. Stolypin achieved, and we see no evidence that he had before him an ideal so relatively enlightened. He certainly sought to make the bureaucracy honest and efficient, and his work in exposing the corruption of high officials deserves the fullest recognition. But he was far from imitating the relative humanity and moderation of Prussian methods. He did nothing whatever to ensure to the accused a regular and honest trial. He wished to establish an honest police, but he meant to leave it absolute, un-

checked, and arbitrary. His plan, if it had succeeded, would have made him the civilian despot of Russia, without a party, with nothing but a puppet Parliament, and subject to the chance which might have given him a successor less strong and capable than himself.

The failure of this policy stands evident to-day. M. Stolypin disdained to build up a party of order based on permanent guarantees of liberty. An assassin's bullet has ended the one thing which he did achieve—his own unchallenged mastery. If it is the more reactionary and the less masterful M. Kovtsoff who is to succeed him, it is probable that the empire will slip rapidly backwards into the condition of instability and incessant court intrigues from which he sought to raise it. One permanent consequence alone will be left of M. Stolypin's long period of power—the destruction of the Russian "mir." His name is associated by Western Liberals chiefly with the ruin of the Democratic Duma. But we question whether in the end this violence of his struck so harshly at the deeper roots of Russian life as the breaking up of the village community. The commune undoubtedly stood in need of reform. It had encouraged a shiftless system of agriculture, and it acted

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as a check on individual enterprise among the peasants. But against these evils was to be set the fact that it ensured to every peasant his share in the land, provided for the orphan and the widow, and, above all, kept alive the spirit of mutual aid. It should have been easy to devise a wiser system of dividing the common lands, and to introduce in the old patriarchal foundation a modern system of co-operation. M. Stolypin has destroyed what never can be recreated. Everywhere the old communal lands on the dissolution of the "mir" are passing into the possession of the usurer and the dram-seller. The indebted peasants sell their patrimony, and drift into the towns to reinforce the industrial proletariat, or sink into a position of landless laborers. A conservative class of small proprietors is arising on the one hand, a great pauper horde is gathering on the other to swell the forces of some distant revolution. His warmest admirers cannot pretend that M. Stolypin has solved the problems of Russian misery. To our thinking, while we recognize his courage, his strength, and his goodwill, it seems probable that he has only deepened the chaos, and destroyed the foundation on which a wiser statesman might have based the happiness and the progress of the Russian village.

A FULL-LENGTH NAPOLEON.

The title-page of this English version of Dr. Fournier's *Life of Napoleon* arouses a hope in the breast of the reader that the work is to be introduced, presented, and in all probability assessed by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher. The hope remains unrealized, and the reader is, it may be, a little aggrieved when he

finds the introduction resolving itself into a foreword of twenty-one lines of that non-committal order so commonly employed in acknowledging the gift of a learned friend which one has mentally vowed to lose no time in reading. Mr. Fisher tells us in sum that the *Life of Napoleon* by Fournier is one of the very best known to him, that it is already familiar to Napoleonic students, and that having been first issued

* "Napoleon I." A Biography. By August Fournier. Translated by Annie Elizabeth Adams. With an introduction by H. A. L. Fisher. Two Vols. (Longmans; 21s. net.)

in 1885 it has since been carefully revised by the author. The first and third of these three statements could safely be predicated of any foreign book first rendered into the English tongue at the age of twenty-five. As regards the second it would have been strange indeed had a book so important as Dr. Fournier's remained concealed from Napoleon specialists. But if acquaintance with this *Life* were to be made a condition of studentship, we imagine that the number of Napoleon students in this country would be a most naturally restricted one. It would need a very attractive *Life* indeed to draw a normal English student of Napoleon in history through 900 close pages of rather ponderous German prose. An adequate English translation puts the *Life* on an entirely different footing. It enables us to perceive that the absence of salient features in Fournier's book, which we had formerly regarded as a defect, is in reality a valuable characteristic. The strong point of the present biography is its even balance and judicial tone. The author can seldom find room for anecdote or epigram. He is deeply concerned with the difficulty of giving us a general view, so far as possible, of the sum of forces which went to make up Napoleon's career. The chapters have dramatic names, "Jena and Tilsit," "Napoleon in his Zenith," "Moscow," "Leipzig," "Elba," "Waterloo," "St. Helena," but their titles are the most dramatic things about them. Dr. Fournier is more concerned with historic causation than with historic contrast. It would be hard to point to a single place in which he plays the part of detractor, yet he is determined to desupernaturalize the Napoleonic scene.

Environment, opportunity, luck did great things for Napoleon, nor did an expensive Venus, flattered by his twenty-seven years and his manifest sincer-

ity, refuse to bestow her smiles upon this son of Mars. His Corsican blood undoubtedly favored him. His father was, it may be admitted, a supple and scheming Italian; but his mother, Laetitia, vivacious yet sober-minded, fearless yet wary, was a true Corsican. Without accepting the crystallized Sforza of Taine's imagining, we must recognize in Napoleon, too, an out-and-out Corsican who hated the French. His master at the Ecole Militaire recognized the fact, and he was right. The sagacious Boswell (whose book on Corsica Napoleon regarded with a suitable veneration) took the right measure of the islanders as fanatical patriots. In Corsica the people were animated with a fierce Republican independence. Suspicious, crafty, self-centred, pursuing their ends by devious paths, they had a strong sense of justice, forgetting neither a kindness nor an injury, obstinate, lacking in amiability, melancholy rather than gay, tensely strung, and quick to take offence—in most of these traits we seem to recognize the qualities of Napoleon. Their strong interest in public affairs made them born politicians and good orators. All Europe had been watching Corsica and Paoli (a fact to which Boswell was keenly alive), sympathizing with her in her struggles for independence; and so the keen ambition and ardent imagination which were the inheritance of most Corsicans combined to inspire in Napoleon the feeling that nothing was beyond his reach. It all depended on whether circumstances favored him. And they did favor him in an extraordinary degree. Like so many thousand families of present restricted means, the Bonapartes cherished a tradition, more or less imaginary, of diminished dignity in the past. This spurred Napoleon, who was always the *ambitious* of the family, to superhuman efforts. To serve the family he was even content to expatriate himself and qualify

himself for a commission among the persecutors and corrupters of his native land. The whole family had an extraordinary capacity for thrusting themselves in front of the great men of that day. Their distinction as Corsicans facilitated the practice. The family machinations broke down utterly in the island. Napoleon's first *coup d'Etat* was a hopeless failure. But his ambition had already been aroused. He determined to follow the advice which Johnson had given another, and to empty his head of Corsica. He would act upon a larger stage, in a more spacious theatre. He could stimulate the larger patriotism, even if he did not feel it; and the fact that he was an outsider, a dispassionate observer, and unscrupulous agent in a great convulsion such as the French Revolution, gave him an exceptional position of which no Bonaparte was ever slow to take advantage.

The Corsicans having now become rebels, while the Bonapartes on their side had now repudiated Paoli, led to Napoleon's being esteemed a French patriot (which he never was). His position as one of the few trained artillery officers left on the Republican side in the South of France gave him a more tangible advantage. At Toulon in 1793 he utilized this to the full. He was only a battalion commander there, but by his strategic advice and energy in organizing he had rendered the Government signal service and had obtained his first chance of firing in one of those critical memorials to headquarters which were soon to render his name so formidable. Convinced, it may well be, by General Dugommier's monition that "if you are ungrateful to Bonaparte, this officer will contrive his own advancement," the Committee of Public Safety were not slow in offering him the well-merited post of brigadier-general of Artillery. Napoleon's escape from the embarrassing complicity

with the Robespierreans with which he was credited, is one of the least satisfactory portions of Dr. Fournier's narrative; this portion of the life needs more attention than it has yet received. What is clear is that Napoleon soon managed to commend himself to the Thermidorians, including not only Barras, whom he had known at Toulon, but also Boissy d'Anglas and Pontécoulant, who was impressed by the daring views of the "little, pale, cadaverous Italian." That he impressed others as the coming man during this most trying period of his life, when he saw himself being outdistanced by contemporaries such as Marceau and Hoche, is shown clearly in the D'Abrantès Memoirs, while Napoleon was paying a half-playful court to the charms of Mme. de Permon. His detachment from French party patriotism and patriotic scruple was just what was wanted by the Directors for the Defence of the Convention. Luck cannot create, it can only find great men, but it was certainly very kind to Bonaparte on the 13th Vendémiaire. It may well have inspired him with an inalterable belief in that *Destin* which he inscribed on his betrothal ring. But his was no blind belief in Fate.

He had learned whenever Fortune seemed dubious to throw into the scale his massive energy, his fertile genius, and that crafty circumspection which were the inheritance of his race. He was not the slave of Chance; he bent it to his own purposes. Regarded from an ethical standpoint, the paths by which he marched unswervingly to power were not always the straightest, and the means he used to reach his ends were often equivocal and despicable. If the function of history were merely to pronounce a judgment upon the way in which such great personalities have succeeded in establishing their power, it could not find words severe enough for the conduct of such a man. But there remains a far wider-reaching question: How was the power thus ac-

quired used and redeemed? In the answer to this question lies the measure by which we must judge Napoleon's historical significance.

Down to the period of the rupture of the Peace of Amlens, which Fournier, following Coquelle, attributes mainly to Napoleon's virtual appropriation of Holland, there can be little doubt that he used it after the best examples of the eighteenth century as a benevolent despot. He remained a glutton for work, but his antecedents had sapped his staying power for social service. Whether the command in Italy may still in any sense be regarded as a wedding gift or not, it was certainly the making of the bridegroom. It was the theatre of war he had specially studied, and it gave him a secure retreat from unpopularity and danger in Paris, quite apart from opportunities of overtaking his rivals, the established heroes in popular estimation, Hoche, Moreau, Pichegru, and of making himself indispensable to a spendthrift Government by filling their depleted coffers.

Specific failure though it was, the fantastic Egyptian expedition supplies the master-key to Napoleon's magnificent destiny. It gave the Directors time to precipitate their own downfall, it relieved the tension at home, and provided Napoleon with a romantic halo against the time when he could return home as the undefeated hero, the *homme nécessaire*. Vendémiaire was forgotten. Napoleon, too, had changed. During his brief residence in the garden of Allah he had shed many scruples. Supreme authority had become to him a necessity; his greed of power had found fresh sustenance, his ardent longing to rule alone had struck deeper root. In Paris the pear was ripe. The falsity of Napoleon's representation at Brumaire shocked no one. Here was the man to rescue the really valuable fruit of the Revolution and to graft it upon the immemorial central

absolutism which every Frenchman could understand. Had he been content to remain the reconciler of the two ideals and to have rallied to him men such as Carnot, Moreau, and Kléber, to balance such time-serving implements as Barras, Talleyrand, and Fouché, Fortune, which had served him so miraculously at Marengo, might still have been content to stand his friend. But here it was that Napoleon failed. Religion, native moderation, or patriotism might have steadied him. He fully shared Cromwell's dislike of a Crown impaled upon a sword. His creative period of 1800 recalls that of 1654 in England upon a vastly larger scale. But Napoleon lacked that shrewd moderation and judgment which made Cromwell the arbiter of his own fate, just as he lacked the true patriotism which turned into a genuine pacifist after 1763 the man whose tomb at Potsdam he so meanly despoiled. Austerlitz and the isolation of supreme gifts and supreme power seem to have intoxicated Napoleon with an insane dream of universal dominion ill-befitting either the student of history or the national trustee of France that he once professed himself to be. If Tilsit may be taken to mark his zenith, it was a zenith sadly tormented by terrible possibilities. England, Spain, Russia, and Germany formed a crescendo of enemies who could hardly be expected to spare Napoleon; and economic and diplomatic influences seemed to conspire in 1810, as Vandal has clearly shown, to force him to run the gauntlet. At Vilna, in June, 1812, despite the violence which he imported into the discussion, Napoleon was no longer to have the last word with the envoy of Alexander. "Il paraît," he said, "qu'il y a beaucoup d'églises à Moscou." "Trois cent quarante," replied Balachof. "C'est beaucoup; on n'est plus dévot aujourd'hui." "Pardon, Sire, on est encore dévot en Russie—comme en Es-

pagne." "Quel est le meilleur chemin," continued Napoleon, "pour arriver à Moscou?" "Il y en a beaucoup," said Balachof, "il y a un proverbe chez nous qui affirme que tous les chemins vont à Moscou; Charles XII. avait pris par Pultava." Professor Fournier shows clearly that the campaign was lost a long time before Napoleon got to Moscow. Like the Thunderer in Lucian, Napoleon had found his thunder-bolt too much for him. His energies as Emperor may have impaired his faculties as general. Yet the end is grievous. The last chapters are such a reflection on the irony of human greatness that they are always painful to read—like the last act of *Othello*. Sceptical of himself and of everybody about him, clinging feverishly to life, almost pitifully simulating the manners of a Constitutional Sovereign, condescending even to flatter Benjamin Constant, Napoleon cuts a sorry figure during the Hundred Days, though we still sympathize with him and are as anxious to spare him the degradation of

St. Helena, just as we are to rescue Barry Lyndon from the merited seclusion of the Fleet. It is satisfactory, however, to reflect that both these great men utilized their retirement to their own greatest possible advantage and to the enduring benefit and delight of posterity. Impassive and impartial to the very end, the Austrian professor refuses to shed a sympathetic tear upon the sufferings of the hermit of Longwood. Just as in his words and dictated writings he sought to raise his image above the hard reality of facts into an ideal sphere, so in his last will Napoleon aimed at the same result, always thinking of the future of his dynasty in France and always with the same contempt of truth. "Even on the verge of the grave he sought to slake his ambition by unlawful means; and he succeeded." He bequeathed to a great host of Believers—the Napoleonic Legend.

The Times.

ON THE TRACK OF THE LEPIDOPTERA.

I.

"So you will not let me have this one for less than five hundred rupees?" The young man held in his hand a brilliantly tinted butterfly, and looked from it to the swarthy face of the Bhutia hillman and back again to the butterfly. "You won't tell me where it is to be found either? Well, you won't get five hundred rupees for it from me."

The young man who had thus refused the exorbitant demands of the butterfly-dealer turned away somewhat irritated. He was of middle height and well-proportioned, with the athletic bearing of one who had spent an outdoor life. He had not long been in India, having come out ostensibly after big game and incidentally to visit his

cousin, a forest officer stationed in the Darjeeling Hills. At present he was staying at his cousin's bungalow, intent on adding to his collection of butterflies some of the rarer specimens to be found only on the Darjeeling Hills. Many splendid specimens of the Sikkim Lepidoptera had come to his net, and he was anxious to secure some others which his occasional dealings with the Bhutia Tsoko had led him to believe were indigenous to these hills. The Bhutia had told him that such butterflies were only to be obtained in a certain valley bordering on Tibet, and there, too, only after long searching at certain seasons of the year. More accurate information regarding them he was unable to extract from the wily

dealer, who well knew that if his happy hunting-ground were exploited by the capable white man his monopoly of the market and consequent high prices would cease.

Tsoko's house, which served as store-room for butterflies and other trophies of the woodman's craft, consisted of two little apartments constructed of bamboo, and roofed with old kerosene-tins. It was perched on the ridge of a hill, just outside of a Bhutia *bastee* (village), not far from the "queen of hill-stations." He and his sons carried on an extensive trade with the numerous globe-trotters who visited the district, his wares consisting of skins, butterflies, and Tibetan curios. The latter commodities he procured mostly from Germany, though his luckless customers gave prices for them which would never have been obtained for them there.

As Grey turned away from Tsoko's house in the direction of his cousin's bungalow, treading carefully over the rock-strewn hill-track, his progress was barred some few hundred yards from the ramshackle hut of the Bhutia dealer by an oncoming coolie carrying a heavy burden. As he made to pass the coolie his foot slipped on a treacherous tuft of grass, and he would have fallen heavily down the hillside had not the watchful coolie helped him to regain his footing.

"The sahib is not used to our hill-roads," said the bland coolie, as he rested his burden on the stick which coolies always carry for that purpose on long journeys.

"You are right," replied Grey, pressing into his helper's hand a few annas baksheesh by way of reward. "You have evidently come a long way to-day. You are hot." He noticed the large beads of perspiration on the man's face as he spoke.

"Yes; I have come from Chandlabari, where my master's son"—he glanced

towards the dealer's house by way of enlightenment—"has been catching these trifling butterflies—little yellow ones." The coolie volunteered the information quite glibly.

"You must be tired, then. How far is Chandlabari from here?" asked Grey sympathetically.

"About eighteen miles inside the Bhutan frontier, in the jungle bordering the eastern side of the lake there," replied the coolie, mopping his forehead.

Grey had secured the information he wanted. The little, brilliantly tinted yellow butterflies came from Chandlabari. Anxious not to be seen by the dealer in conversation with the coolie, he salaamed to him and went his way.

On arriving at his cousin's bungalow, he quite startled that staid official by announcing that he meant to start off on the morrow for Bhutan, and requesting his cousin to procure him a pass to allow him to enter that country.

His cousin tried to dissuade him from carrying out his project. "It might be possible to obtain a pass from the commissioner; but it is a lawless country," he explained. "White men are prohibited from entering it."

Grey, however, was bent on going, and next morning, having procured the required pass, he set out early, his baggage-coolies going on ahead.

II.

As Tsoko was repacking his butterflies and loudly inveighing against the young Englishman for refusing to buy his wares, he was interrupted by the arrival of his son's baggage and the coolie. That worthy, having deposited the heterogeneous bundle, consisting of the Bhutia's wardrobe, bedding, and cooking utensils, stood meekly waiting for his wages, while the scurrilous Bhutia reproached him for loitering on the way and delaying the arrival of his

precious son's belongings. He was used to his employer's little ways, however, and in answer to the reproaches hurled at him merely remarked that he was tired, and would be glad to get his wages and return to his family, from whom he had been absent many days. Tsoko, having satisfied himself that all his son's belongings were intact, and having extricated from them and taken out of its dirty wrappings of old clothes a little paper parcel, which he put carefully aside, tendered some money to the coolie.

"Have you any pice with which to give me change for this five-rupee note?" he asked. The wages amounted to some annas less than five rupees.

The coolie fumbled in his pouch for the annas he had received a few minutes previously.

Somewhat surprised at finding the man with even a pice in his possession, for rarely do they have any except for a short time after receiving wages, the Bhutia remarked in an off-hand way, "Where did you steal the pice?"

"Oh," answered the coolie pleasantly, "a sahib who nearly fell down the *khud* just a few paces from here gave me them. I saved him from slipping down when his English feet were likely to have played him a trick. He gave me some backsheesh."

"I wish he had broken his English neck, you knave! if it is that fool who was here bargaining with me a few minutes ago. What was he like?"

The coolie, giving the annas into his master's hand, and putting the five-rupee note safely into his pouch, gave a highly descriptive and not altogether flattering account of the young sahib, winding up with, "He thought me a liar when I told him I had come here from Chandlabari in one day. These sahibs have tender feet."

Tsoko's face clouded in anger as he listened to the last words the coolie uttered. "You gossiping fool!" he ex-

claimed, "do I pay you to tell the sahib-dog where you came from? I suppose you told him you were bringing butterflies from Chandlabari?" Then followed some candid remarks regarding the coolie's female relations, which caused the coolie to put his fingers in his ears and run out of the place.

Tsoko, still muttering to himself, began to open out the precious parcel his son had forwarded, and to gloat over the fresh specimens it contained from Chandlabari. They were sufficient to last him for a long time now. The naturalists in Villayet (Europe) who dealt with him regularly, and the travelling sahibs who were occasionally directed to him by the hotel-keepers in Darjeeling, would have to pay him a long price for them. He was the only man who could procure them. He wondered if that hot-headed sahib who had refused to buy from him had really learned where they came from, and if so, whether he would be bold enough to go hunting them in wild Bhutan. One never knew what foolhardy things the sahibs might do. He would keep an eye on Grey sahib. If the young sahib showed any sign of attempting to poach on his preserves, he (Tsoko) knew how to circumvent him.

III.

Next morning, on his way through the bazaar, the Bhutia dealer chanced to meet a procession of village coolies trudging along under heavy loads. Accosting them, he asked where they were off to so early, and whose baggage they were carrying. His questions were barely answered, when his would-be customer of the day before came riding along. Grey salaamed to him, and chuckled to himself as the Bhutia returned his greeting in a somewhat churlish manner. He would have suppressed the chuckle had he been aware of the dastardly thoughts which were filling the Bhutia's mind. Tsoko

now realized what the information gleaned from the sahib's coolies meant.

Grey rode on, finding the fresh, cool air very exhilarating as he passed the coolies and gained the open country. His road stretched for some miles along the hillside, then straggled zigzag down into the valleys. In the distance could be heard the rush of the Rungeet river as it carried along its burden from the eternal snows towering high over the Bhutan Hills to the great ocean. He had started early that he might cross the intervening valley of the Rungeet and ascend the opposite Bhutan Hills before the sun was high. An hour's riding brought him to the beginning of the descent into what might well have been called "spiders' valley," for these industrious creatures had chosen the whole hillside right down to the river-bed as the scene of their feats of gymnastics and web-weaving; and it was with pleasant satisfaction that Grey noticed the gaudy-winged butterflies hovering over the flowers and the dragon-flies glittering in the sunshine. The hushing notes of wood-pigeons fell on his ear, and the cool green of the river brightened into silver as it caught the sunlight. His servant had gone on ahead to await his arrival at the Bhutan frontier, and there he found an appetizing lunch awaiting him. The Indian servant "has it written on his forehead" that he should walk so far and have everything ready for the sahib when the latter arrives, and he does so.

In the early afternoon, having rested for a couple of hours, Grey mounted his pony and proceeded on his way. The road now climbed uphill through virgin forest. Although the sun was still high, the overarching trees sheltered him from the heat. By-and-by he left the woods behind, and for some time rode through rice terraces, coming upon a straggling village here and there. The little huts which composed

them had each its small vegetable-garden and plot of orange-trees, the fruit of which was just beginning to turn golden.

It took longer to reach Chandlabari than he expected. Darkness was coming on, and the crossing of the interminable, steep-banked, swiftly running mountain streams of Bhutan was beginning to tire him, when his *sais* (groom), who had been sent ahead to be ready to attend to the pony, met him, carrying a lantern to light him to the rest-house at which he had arranged to stay. While dinner was being prepared Grey sauntered up and down the veranda of the well-built rest-house, smoking a cigarette and feasting his eyes on the beautiful lake which filled the valley in front of him. The dense jungle on the eastern side of the lake rose gradually from the edge of the water for about a mile on either side of a sharp gully, down which a noisy stream poured its waters into the lake. Beyond the forest growth stretched the bare rocky hills. Within the few miles covered by that jungle were to be found the highly prized butterflies. He would work his way down from the top of the jungle to the bottom on the morrow. It was a pleasant prospect. His coolies with bedding and boxes did not arrive till midnight, and shortly after their arrival he lay down to dream of the splendid catches he would make next day.

When Grey was awakened early next morning by his servant, who brought him *chota haseri*, consisting of hot tea and toast, very welcome on opening one's eyes and feeling one's throat dry, the warm sunlight was pouring into his room. A soft tapping on the roof as of rain-drops falling led him to ask his servant if it was raining. "It is fire-rain, sahib," the bearer replied, looking somewhat concerned.

"Fire-rain!" exclaimed Grey, mystified. "What do you mean?"

"There is a forest-fire, sahib. The forest on the lake-side caught fire through the night, and is burning fiercely."

The tapping on the roof was now explained. The burning leaves and fire-sparks from the jungle were being borne by the wind all over the countryside, and as Grey sprang from his bed and looked out of the window a terrible sight met his eyes. The jungle which he had come so far to beat was on fire. The dread flames were travelling fast up the hillside, and the not uncommon sight of burning acres of good forest had attracted villagers from far and near, intent on securing as much fuel as they could carry off.

Grey gave little thought to the *chota haseri*, but dressed quickly and made off to the lakeside. As he made his way hurriedly to the scene of the conflagration, a man on horseback came galloping toward him, urging his hard-ridden horse into a break-neck pace. As the man swerved off the track and directed his steed up the steep hillside toward Government Road, Grey recognized in the horseman the tall form of a hillman dressed in the garb of a Bhutia. The fascinating sight of the fire withdrew his attention from the man. Above the clouds of smoke he could see clouds of birds evidently betaking themselves from the burning jungle to the safer slopes of the upper hills. The shriek of wild animals, panic-stricken and terrified by the oncoming flames, struck his ear and horrified him beyond measure. There could be seen a leopard springing high from one burst of flame into another, only to die in the awful heat. A huge bear, its body scorched and bleeding, scattered firebrands high above its head as it rushed frantically through the burning bush. Wild pigs could be heard squealing hysterically as they bolted hither and thither seeking safety, their cries being smothered in

the rising noise of the crackling underwood. Tall trees lifting their heads in forks of flame seemed to beseech of the spirits of the air to rescue them from the awful heat. The lake itself, reflecting the lurid glare, rippled in angry wavelets of crystal fire. On the outskirts of the forest little groups of native men and women stood with bows and arrows ready to shoot whatever game might be fortunate enough to struggle out of the zone of fire. Others were tearing down goodly saplings and branches of higher trees for their own use in the *bastees* (villages). The light morning-wind bore away blackened leaves and red-glowing embers, rapidly turning white in the cooler air, to let the surrounding world know that a forest-fire was in progress. Away to the west the trail of cloudy murkiness travelled. Before many hours had passed it would settle on the higher hills, strewing the distant tea-garden and station bungalows with tell-tale fragments of the fire. In a day or two these would be carried farther afield, until all the inhabitants of Sikkim and Nepal would know that the fiery glow in the evening sky but confirmed their fears that the black messengers had come to announce a forest-fire in Bhutan.

IV.

Grey's hopes of catching the famous butterflies were, he knew, being dissipated by the flames in front of him. The smaller insect-life of the forest would be utterly destroyed. It was useless for him to hope that anything in the shape of butterflies would be spared from the awful flames. He was, however, not a little pleased with his trip. It was not often that a cold-weather visitor had a glimpse of such a panorama as he had been lucky enough to see: a forest-fire in all its grandeur and awfulness, inspiring the animal kingdom with terror and de-

stroying in a few hours the most valuable asset of an agricultural country—its forestry.

For some time Grey contemplated the flames, and it was with no little surprise that he presently heard his bearer's voice behind him telling him that his lunch was ready. Grey betook himself to the bungalow and lunch. As he thought over the events of the morning he recalled the figure of the man on horseback whom he had seen riding away from the scene of the fire. Addressing his bearer, Grey inquired if he knew who the horseman could be.

"I do not know, sahib," replied the servant, "but I will ask some of the villagers. They will tell me if the sahib will give me some baksheesh for them."

Grey laughingly replied that the baksheesh would be forthcoming if the information were obtained.

As the afternoon wore on, Grey, after making his arrangements for the return journey to Darjeeling on the morrow, sat reading on the veranda of the bungalow, occasionally glancing up from his book to watch the progress of the fire. His reading was interrupted by the appearance of his servant, accompanied by a long-haired, unkempt ragamuffin, who carried a butterfly-net in his hand.

"Who is this man?" asked Grey, looking at the unkempt one.

"Your honor, he wishes to sell you some butterflies. He has heard you are a 'butterfly sahib.' I think he can tell you, also, who the horseman is whom your honor saw this morning."

Grey became interested, and asked the bearer to depart. That discreet functionary lost no time in obeying his master's orders, as if afraid of hearing something which it might be inconvenient for him to bear witness about in case of future inquiry into the cause of the fire.

"So you catch butterflies?" said Grey,

wondering what the fellow had to communicate.

"Yes, your honor; I catch butterflies for Tsoko. He pays me five rupees a month, and I have to give him one hundred butterflies each month. His son comes round here once every three months to take them to Darjeeling. Last month I caught more than a hundred, and I kept them to add to the number for this month. Will your honor buy some from me?"

Grey asked the man to show him the butterflies, inquiring at the same time if he had any of those particular ones he had come so far to get.

The man replied that he had some of the kind indicated, and asked to be allowed to bring them for the sahib's inspection on the morrow. His home was some distance away from the bungalow. "The sahib wanted some information," continued the visitor. "What was it about?"

Grey remembered the horseman of the morning. "Oh yes; I saw a horseman riding past on a gray horse this morning. I was wondering who he was." He described the horseman as fully as he could.

"It must have been Tsoko, your honor. He came to dismiss me this morning, saying that he needed no more butterflies from this place."

So that was Tsoko! "Curious," thought Grey, "that the forest-fire should synchronize with Tsoko's hurried visit. As he thought over the matter a plan began to form in his mind. It would be difficult to convict the Bhutia of the grave misdemeanor of setting the forest on fire; but if the miscreant had really meant to give him counter-check for refusing to buy his butterflies, he was quite ready to take up the challenge. Turning to Tsoko's quondam servant, he said, "Look here, my man, I will give you one hundred rupees for your butterflies; and if you can tell me of any other place where I

can catch them myself I will give you fifty rupees more."

The man considered the tempting offer for a minute, and replied, "There is another place about ten miles from here, on the Tibetan frontier, where they are to be found. If the sahib will come with me I will show him the place."

Grey agreed to do so, and, cancelling his arrangements for the return journey, made preparations for an excursion to the Tibetan frontier on the morrow.

Setting out next day, he reached the little valley where, his guide assured him, the butterflies he was in quest of were to be found. Tethering his horse to a wayside tree, Grey began his search among the sparse vegetation of the hillside, and before long descried a butterfly. Giving chase, he soon made up on it, and keeping warily out of shadow distance, awaited his chance of netting it. It settled on a scraggy bush outside the little garden of a village hut.

The villagers, looking shyly through the bamboo lattice-work of their huts, became interested in the sahib's movements. One head, then another, appeared in the doorways, the eyes of which heads followed with interest every movement of the new-comer. In the centre of the *bastee* could be seen the small white dome of the Buddhist temple of the village. Had it been less overgrown with creepers it would still have escaped the attention of Grey, intent as he was on his quarry on the scraggy bush. The bush proved uninteresting to the butterfly, which, after settling there for a moment, continued its flight, with Grey in its wake, in the direction of the village. Nothing daunted, Grey followed whither flowers in the gardens of the villagers attracted it. The butterfly was restive. It flitted on, over palings and through patches of paddy, ever keeping out of

reach of the perspiring Grey. At last it was hovering as if about to alight. Grey, paying little attention to the scowling faces around him, made a bee-line for the settling fly. Entering the narrow gate of what he took to be a garden enclosure, he rushed up the rickety steps of the moss-covered building in its centre. His arm was raised, and he was about to strike at the butterfly, now basking in the sun on top of the little dome, when a loud shout startled him, and while he looked round to see what the noise meant the butterfly flew off.

Grey turned down the steps angrily. He knew he was trespassing, and that he had been doing so for the last few minutes; but he was also aware that a few pice baksheesh would suffice for the villagers through whose gardens he had been trespassing. But the voice which had arrested his upraised hand at the psychological moment was not that of a mere villager. It was that of the priest of the Buddhist shrine—a priest whose tenets forbade the slaying of all animal-life, including insects, whose temple enclosure had been profaned by the intruder. He was vociferating wildly to the gathering villagers; and as Grey glanced from him to the dangerous *kookries* (knives) which the villagers were handling in a menacing manner, he began to realize his predicament. The loud words of the priest fell strangely on his ears. He did not know the Tibetan language, having been long enough on the hills to pick up only a smattering of Paharia, as the language of the Darjeeling Hills is called. He looked about for his unkempt butterfly-catcher. That worthy had vanished. What was he to do? Little time was left for him to plan anything, for the villagers, at a word from the priest, closed in upon him, and after a sharp struggle, in which luckily only the flat of the *kookries* was used, carried him, struggling and kick-

ing, out of the temple grounds. Once outside of the enclosure, he was thrown violently on the ground, where he lay, rendered unconscious by the rough handling he had received. It might have fared worse with him had it not been for the timely arrival of a forest coolie, whose communication, spoken hurriedly to the angry priest, caused that individual to call his henchmen away from the prostrate victim of their wrath.

When Grey returned to consciousness some time afterwards, he found himself propped up between some stones on the road way. His cousin was bending over him with an alarmed look on his face. News of the forest-fire had reached him the night before, and he had set out as soon as possible to ascertain the amount of the damage. At the rest-house he had been informed by the runaway butterfly-hunter of his

Chambers's Journal.

cousin's evil plight. To carry Grey back to the rest-house was an easy matter for the sturdy forest coolies whom Grey's cousin had brought with him, and it was with heartfelt thankfulness that Grey awoke late on the day following, feeling only a little sore after his experiences.

Before returning to Darjeeling, Grey had a final interview with the unkempt one who had unwittingly led him into the scrape. He had feared that the man had acted as an accomplice of Tsoko, but dismissed these suspicions from his mind when he heard that it was he who had summoned help for him. He kept his promise in the matter of buying the man's butterflies, and felt himself amply repaid for his exciting trip, as he afterwards packed away no less than five of the coveted specimens of the famous Tibetan Lepidoptera in his travelling-trunk.

H. C. McCall.

TO HONOR A PILGRIMAGE.

I was quite delighted to read in the papers a week or so since of a pilgrimage from Worcester to cover the journeyings of the fugitive Charles the Second up to his embarking at Shoreham. It was to end in London, and so I presume it went from Shoreham to Dover and followed the route of the glorious Restoration.

I hope the pilgrims had a pleasant time, and I regret very much I was not one of the party. For my thoughts have been set travelling back to an interest of many years ago. Time was when Charles and his period were an absorbing study with me, and in a literary and unscientific way I might claim to know a goodish deal above them. I thought I had done with them, but this 260th anniversary of Worcester and this pious pilgrimage make a special occasion, and I would set up my

little edifice of sentences to commemorate it.

To be frank, my enthusiasm was once greater than it is. Hatred inspired it largely and warmly, hatred of the Puritans, who seemed to me to have no excuse at all, to be simply an unpleasantly morbid and tyrannical minority souring the jolly, kindly life of old England. I was right in a way. In so far as it is well that life should be joyous and easy-going and smiling the Puritans were the enemy, and in so far as one may reasonably love liberty and hate oppression I was right in detesting the tyranny imposed by them on the great unwilling majority of the English. But I have come to see a good side—alas for middle-aged, cold tolerance!—in them also, and to admire sincerity and zeal in an unsympathetic cause. Also I have come to see more

clearly what was wrong with the Restoration spirit I eulogized; its coarseness, not so much of manners as of mental attitude, its boisterousness, its too deliberate jollity, the falling off from the truer culture of Charles the First's court, an inevitable falling off in men whose youth was spent perforce in civil war at home and camps and taverns abroad. But one's friendship is all the more real when it sees friends clearly and is yet constant, and I still hate the Puritans and love Charles and Rochester and Etherege and the rest. God forgive them!

I was rather surprised—most pleasantly so, but still surprised—that the second Charles should have come in for this honor. He remains a hero of mine, truly. I shall always love the gay endurance, the shrewd humor, the fine irony of the man, the patience and skill and manly initiative of the king. (In another moment, if I am not careful, I shall begin re-telling old stories of him.) I still believe him to have done a good work in England, in civilizing manners, in intellectual fairness and toleration, in his sincere services to science and his touch on art. I do not wonder he was our most popular king next to his late Majesty, and if I may say so without disrespect the popularity of both is a triumphant proof that the spirit of England never was and is not on the Puritan's side. But all the same I was surprised. The pilgrims are no doubt right Jacobites, and I always imagined it was the unlucky and unsuccessful Stuarts who had the real allegiance of Jacobites—Mary of Scotland and Charles the First and Prince Charles Edward most of all, and in a minor degree the pre-eminently unlucky James the Second (if only from disgust at the humbug of the Revolution), and with those who knew something of that chivalrous and self-denying life, his son, miscalled the Old Pretender. But the second Charles with his undoubtedly

selfish manoeuvres and his successful determination never "to go on his travels" again? The second Charles, whose unabashed self-indulgence might be supposed to dim the ideality of the Stuart faith? The second Charles with his sneering reference to "your Martyr" unhappily on record? I am a little surprised, but I rejoice exceedingly.

Indeed, whatever his after life and his qualities may have been, a pilgrimage might well commemorate the splendid courage and invincible humor which make the story of his hiding some of the best "adventure" stuff in the world. There are many accounts, but his own, given to Pepys at Newmarket—he was a faithful racegoer—in October 1680 is by far the best, the most vivid and dramatic. It is short enough, short and plain and to the point, and it bears the personal mark of memory and relish in every line. I have been reading it again, and would like to send you to it likewise. I must not go through it all as though it were a new book to review, but just a quotation or two to refresh your memory or awaken an interest. It begins so well: his first difficulty was to get away from his broken followers, but "though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them now I had a mind to it," is his dry remark. When he rode as Mrs. Lane's servant before her on the saddle (he pensioned her with a thousand a year, for the charge of ingratitude against him is nonsense) and his mare cast a shoe and they had to stop at a smith's and the smith lamented that the rogue Charles Stuart had not been captured, "I told him that if that rogue was taken he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said that I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted." He was only a little over twenty, remember, and the passage shows a true boyish delight in

the dangerous irony of the position. So when he and Colonel Wyndham and Mrs. Coningsby found a town full of Cromwell's soldiers he decided at once to "go impudently into the best inn in the town and take a chamber there, as the only thing to be done." Do mark that "impudently": doesn't it express the jolly spirit of hiding from justice? You never find indignation or assertion of sacredness or anything of the kind in the whole story; it is a schoolboy playing truant with Oliver for an ogreish usher in pursuit. On this occasion he went with the horses "blundering in among the soldiers," and "they were very angry with me for my rudeness." Anyone might have recognized him and there was a price of a thousand pounds on his head. At Trent, as he tells Pepys with obvious glee, he heard the church bells ringing for his reputed death, and at Stonehenge, where he waited till it was dark enough to creep in by the back way to a friendly house, he had time to refute

The Saturday Review.

the old superstition that the stones could not be counted twice alike. But there is no end to the signs of a perfect presence of mind, no end to the narrow escapes from foes and as he remarks the even narrower escapes from friends. And then there is the good-humored patience and endurance of hardships which would have tried a tramp. He is throughout simpatico, and one sighs with relief when at last he lands safely in France. Vaguely as I read again I was reminded of some one else in a book, and after a while I had it: as Charles chuckles over his close shaves and tells complacently how he put people on wrong scents there is a touch—yes—of Raffles. And this was a king, of an order commonly fenced round and protected and shepherded from care on every side. No wonder he was an exceptional being. . . . Well, it is all an old tale, not I trust resented as such by the reader. After all, I have said nothing about the Oak.

G. S. Street.

BLESSING THEIR BUTTONS.

["According to the Autumn modes, the front fastening is to be applied to gowns and blouses."—*Fashion Column.*]

From the radiant South to the niggardly North,
The fiat of fashion is heralded forth,
In language imperious, rigid and blunt:—
"All frocks for the future must fasten in front."

Do you hear it, poor damsel, with nerves on the rack,
As you struggle to button your blouse at the back?
No more need you writhe and make faces and grunt,
Since frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Do you hear it, meek man, as with conjugal zest
You fasten the gown of your spouse, by request?
No more for those hooks need you fumble and hunt,
Since frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Do you hear it, blue-stockings, whose absence of mind
Results in a gap in your bodice behind?
No more of sly jests you'll be bearing the brunt,
Since frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Like the musical breath of a breeze passing by
Sounds the sibilant sough of the satisfied sigh
Of the portly, the slender, the tall and the stunt
Now their frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Punch.

THE BARDON PAPERS AND MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Commentaries have been written on the book of Job which only Job could have the patience to read. A hundred books have been written and many a song has been sung with the fortunes of Mary Stuart for their burden, but these have been redeemed from the dulness which has so often fallen upon even the stupendous drama of the Old Testament by the mystery and glamour which ever wait upon the Scottish Queen. Three whole centuries have passed away since she stood to her trial in Fotheringay Castle, yet Time, that covers most things with its weeds, has been powerless to impair the interest of her story.

The question whether she was an innocent martyr, or a traitress against Elizabeth whose inordinate wickedness had finally met its fitting end, is still left in the wind. Her life—that scene of constant transformation until by a most violent solution of a dangerous problem the act-drop fell upon it—makes continual appeal to the imagination.

Hence it comes to pass her name has been so much handled about in books and journals. It has become familiar both in good and bad report. It has been bespattered with the foulest charges; it has been gilded with light by intemperate friends. To thousands of her countrymen, and to many of alien race, she will remain the victim of circumstance and of a jealous rival; for multitudes the figure which went to the block clad from head to foot in blood-red hue moves luridly through the past invested with the wickedness and

witcheries of the Scarlet Woman.

Those who deny the authenticity of the Casket Letters will affirm their belief in Mary's ignorance of the Babington plot and in an unjust judgment based upon forgeries, whilst unfriendly critics will unhesitatingly maintain that the mind which could suffer a sick young husband to be blown up by gunpowder laid by a paramour's hand would not hesitate at the bloodiest removal of a woman standing in her way.

On few subjects is the feeling of the partisan more engaged; in the perplexities of the case speculative minds find a constant exercise for their ingenuity. So it happens that any available source of information pointing to guilt or confirming innocence has been eagerly sought after and ransacked.

With the lapse of so many years it would seem unlikely that any fresh evidence would accrue, but to one source, happily soon to be at the service of the public in a printed volume, we are able to turn for some new light.¹

It is true that a few of the students nourished on the air of the British Museum Reading Room have been aware that since 1870 the Bardon Papers, under the title of the Egerton MS. 2124, have lain within their reach. At a date even earlier than this their existence was not unknown, for Lingard, in bringing into relief the pressure put upon Nau and Curl to betray their mistress, quotes a significant menace from a letter in the collection sent by Cecil

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to Sir Christopher Hatton. In her "Life of Queen Elizabeth," Miss Strickland also refers to a bundle of manuscripts in the possession of Mr. W. Leigh.

But previously to the year 1836 they were not known to exist even by Mr. Leigh himself and the more immediate ancestors in whose possession they had unwittingly been lying from one generation to another. It is here we meet with a curious parallel between the fortunes of the Bardon Papers and the more famous collection known as the Paston Letters.

When Fenn first published the edition of the Paston correspondence, which he gave to the world with the King's approval and patronage, he presented to George III. three bound volumes of the original script. These were received by the Royal hand, only to disappear as by some act of legerdemain. A careful search, in which the Prince Consort shared, revealed no trace of them. They were not in the Royal library, they were not in any of the Royal palaces, nor had they been consigned to the keeping of the British Museum. Their fate was unknown and unaccountable.

And even with the finding of them the mystery of their disappearance remained. Lost to sight for a whole century, they were discovered at a country house in Suffolk amongst the heirlooms of Captain Pretymann, the well-known Member of Parliament. How they passed from Buckingham Palace to Orwell Park—whether they were mixed up with the books and papers belonging to Pitt, of which a large number are to be found in the Orwell library, or whether they made their mysterious migration through the agency of Dr. Pretymann (Bishop Tomline of Lincoln), the statesman's secretary, is matter of the vaguest conjecture.

Long though they lay in their con-

cealment, the time of their repose was not so protracted as that of the contemporary documents relating to the trial of Mary Stuart (1586), which bear the name of Bardon, from the place of their discovery.

For nearly three hundred years, as Dr. Cotton tells us, Bardon Manor in Somerset had been the abode of the Leighs, who left the neighboring county of Devon to make their home in it before the end of the sixteenth century.

Here, in an attic above the drawing-room, where its obscurity is broken only by a half-light from a small gable-window, lay the papers and correspondence of an Elizabethan age. Once placed there, they seem to have faded entirely from remembrance. The Leighs came and went, son succeeded to father from century to century, without a word to suggest the existence of these historical treasures.

But if no tradition existed in the family of the MSS. themselves, there was, curiously enough, a local legend which may or may not have been connected with the unfortunate Queen to whom these documents refer. The house was haunted! At midnight the ghost of Robert Leigh, Bardon's first owner, might be seen wandering about its drive with "a head," not his own, under his arm. Plaintive music, heard after dark, such as might have been born of a spirit or harpsichord, was traceable, in the opinion of the neighborhood, to an elderly white-haired lady of sorrowful countenance, who moved through the passages in a rustling dress of silk. More suggestive than all was the tale—dear to the peasantry, and kept alive by the various branches of the family at home and abroad—of a milk-white dove that flew against the window of the attic, and with eerie persistency broke it as often as it was mended.

Nowadays the ghosts have been laid: the white dove no longer beats against

the pane; its mystic flight in the darkness has given place to familiar sounds like the cry of the owl and the scratching of rats. The portents ceased with the discovery and removal of the papers soon after the accession of Queen Victoria—a change to be ascribed to the supernatural or to the growth of popular enlightenment, as the reader pleases.

One thing is certain: the manuscripts were found, and found by a person who was able to appreciate their value.

As to the manner in which the papers had come under the Bardon roof Mr. Leigh was fain to confess himself baffled. He was sure only that, had they been known to his father or grandfather, they would have been held in the estimation they deserved, and carefully handed down from one to another.

The travel and adventures of the collection must be left to the obscurity in which it was found by him. It is enough that, after lying *perdu* so long, it is now safely housed in the keeping of the nation, nor need we delay our inquiry into its contents.

So disparate are these writings that at first one might fancy them only the random gatherings of a sixteenth-century man of affairs. The papers, nevertheless, range themselves into a compact group, the first portion of which is concerned with the construction of the case against the Queen of Scots.

If it be true that some people forget their past so rapidly that they are honestly surprised when anyone else recalls it, it is certain that those who indicted Mary spared nothing that would serve to bring it to remembrance. All her misdeeds since she crossed the Border, and every circumstance that could be gathered into the chain of necessity to draw her to the expected crime, were led in procession before her—the trial at Sheffield fourteen years before; her intrigues with the Catholic Throg-

morton and her treasonable dalliance with the Protestant Duke of Norfolk; her guilty knowledge of Jesuit and other plots on the Continent; her appeals to Elizabeth and the rejoinders of that Royal lady, together with the account of "certaine great and extraordinary favors shewn to the Scottish Queen by her Majesty," they are all there, and there for the purpose of adding to the condemnation which other evidence was about to bring upon her.

As these Bardon Papers supply us with the indictment, so they give us, in a word, Mary's answer to them. In a letter from Burghley, to which future reference will be made, he says to his correspondent:

The Q of Scots sweareth by hir fayth, and with no greater othe, that it is not trew y^t she sent any letters to babynton . . . she justifieth that she being a prisoner might practice her scrape, and for y^e Invasion by Catholiques y^t she might league with the Catholick princes as well as y^e Q's Majesty hath done with hir son y^e K of Scott.

From that denial she never swerved; if she were lying, she lied like a queen; she was *splendide mendax*.

A reference to folio 38 shows how pressure was put upon Mary before her trial to dislodge her from this attitude and squeeze her into a disclosure of guilt. Such an acknowledgment would have been invaluable as placing the burden of her condemnation upon her own shoulders, whilst vindicating Elizabeth in the eyes of Europe and at the same time disarming the resentment of France and Scotland.

To this end a despatch in the handwriting of her private secretary tells how Burghley waited upon the captive in Fotheringay the day before the trial to induce her—if it might be—"to discharge her conscience before God, and by confessing plainly the wrong she had done to her Majesty to submit herself to the good pleasure of God."

Elizabeth herself had wrought to the same purpose, both in a verbal message and in her last letter. But in vain. Whatever the measure of her guilt, Mary did not dally with the idea of confession or take any comfort from the cold prospect thrown open to her by these appeals. The irony of the situation will not be lost upon the reader, that she should admit the crime into which the diabolical ingenuity of the English Queen and her advisers had led her.

"Correspondence between Mary Stuart and Anthony Babington" is the heading of another portion of the group.

These copies of the original letters may have been the very ones which were produced at Mary's trial as damning evidence of her guilt. At any rate, it was upon copies, and not upon original documents, that her condemnation was based. But from the beginning, and with unvarying consistency, Mary denied that they were hers, or written with her connivance. Her demand that the actual letters should be produced remained unanswered to the hour of her death.

It was shown that in her despatches she wrote or dictated in French, Nau taking down her words; she then looked them over to approve or alter, as the case might be. Again cast into form, and again revised, whether they remained in the original French or were put into an English version by Curl, they were finally approved and sealed by Mary herself.

Yet, when the unexpected raid was made upon her apartments, many things were found by her accusers, but not the thing they sought. Correspondence touching her deepest thoughts and most unguarded aspirations was there, with minutes, notebooks, the keys of threescore cyphers, and letters from many an English knight and nobleman paying court to his future sov-

ereign, but of the incriminating letters themselves not one scrap remained to show that they had ever been born in the secretary's room at Chartley. If they had their existence there, they lay not in pigeon-holes, but had found warmer quarters in the ardent heart of Mary herself.

Of the Babington-Mary correspondence, as it occurs in the Bardon bundle, it is sufficient to say that nothing new arises. Its genuineness or fraudulent nature must still remain amongst the standing controversies of history. Like that Box of Mischief which held the Bothwell love-letters, or like that *Borderou* which, in our own times, seemed like to have burst France to pieces with the fierceness of its dispute, it has been subjected to the most piercing investigation.

Yet no finality of conclusion has been reached. Whether these letters were forged as the bravo's weapon to strike to the heart of Mary; whether they were genuine, or whether the creature of Walsingham—Phelippes—had not hesitated to counterfeit the beautiful bold hand of the Queen of Scots in the incriminating passages he interpolated, may never be known.

It is to six original letters in the handwriting of Burghley that we turn with the greater degree of expectation.

Three centuries have fallen lightly upon them; they are as easily to be deciphered as in the day when the Lord Treasurer laid aside his pen and affixed his seal.

With a sense almost of surprise we learn they are addressed to "The Right honorable, my verie good frend, Mr. Vice chambrelaine"—i.e. Sir Christopher Hatton. To the ordinary Englishman he is known as the courtier and man about town, the "Lidds" and "Mutton" of his royal mistress, her favorite partner in the dance. If we think of him in connection with correspondence at all, it is as the author of

those remarkable epistles in which the "stilted high-flown utterances warm into such downright amatory nonsense" that it is *hard* to imagine he was not gravely making fun of his Virgin Queen. But here he *is* the statesman and sober servant of the public.

How difficult was the problem which presented itself to Elizabeth and her ministers we see from two of the papers in this collection, in one of which Hatton contends strongly against the liberation of Mary; in the other, written a year later, he argues just as strenuously in favor of her enlargement.

From the Burghley letters it is apparent that more than a month before Mary's trial the Lord Treasurer had already adjudged her guilty. In his own words, he thinks that Nau and Curl, the confidential secretaries of the prisoner at Chartley, may be induced to confess their share in the conspiracy, "if they were perswaded that them selves might scape, and the blow fall upon ther Mistriss, betwixt hir head and hir sholders."

We cannot doubt the Queen's Ministers had no misgivings as to the guilt of Mary and the imperative necessity for her removal. But Cecil's words show that she was already condemned before she passed to her assize at Fotheringay.

These earlier proceedings were of a piece with the rest of the dark game that was played through the months of 1586. If there is one feeling more than another that is aroused in the reading of that amazing trial it is, perhaps, of relief that our ways of justice are so happily remote from those of the sixteenth century. With no voice to plead for her, her one woman's wit against all that was strongest in intellect and prejudice in England, the witnesses on whose word she was beheaded either dead or denied to her examination, her accusers her judges, with minds already convinced, Mary

was, in this final passage at least, an ill-used woman.

A light is thrown, too, on the attitude of Elizabeth and the more forbidding side of her character.

In everything that was done in the plan for taking Mary in the toils, her hand is seen or her voice is heard. She sat steadily at the centre of things. The whole machinery of State moved at her word; she checked or accelerated its pace as seemed good to her—this, in spite of the often protestations and remonstrances of her responsible advisers. She it was who fixed the precise date for the execution of Babington and his fellow-conspirators; it was by her command the venue of the trial was changed.

The Privy Council wished to bring the accused woman to the Tower or elsewhere, but "Hir Majesty mislyketh of Woodstock or any other place but Fodryngham." Again and again she interfered with the formal proceedings of the law until the Lord Treasurer is fain to hope there may be no more of "those kinds of stoppes that can not but ingendre inconvenient oppinions."

The streak of the ferocious that made her close akin to Henry VIII. is plainly to be seen in her.

More wanting in those natural sympathies which happily are no extraordinary component in the nature of men and women, Elizabeth was capable of great inhumanity. To this many a passage in her history testifies. And here, not content with the overthrow of her youthful band of enemies, she orders Lord Burghley to write "that when the judg shall give the judgment for the manner of the deth . . . he may saye that such is the form usuall, but yet consideryng this manner of horrible treason ageynst hir Majestie's own person hath not bene hard of in this Kyngdom, it is reason that the manner of ther deth for more terror be

referred to his Majesty and his Council."

When one remembers the horrors enacted upon the person of a traitor, one shudders at the vengeance or policy which could put the imagination on the rack to increase them. Even the complaisances of a subservient Minister refused to bend in this direction, though his mistress persisted in later instructions to him that "such an extraordinary crime deserveth further extraordinary payne."

In her treatment of Mary there is little evidence of the consideration so often ascribed to her. It is true she enjoined that no "sharp speeches be used in condemnation or reproof of the Scottish Queen's crime" but this consideration was dictated not by a regard for her adversary, but by a concern for her own safety. "His Majesty seemeth to have no other meaning but a foresight for security of his own person" is Burghley's comment.

Elizabeth "smiling over the miserable issues of the plot," reading with amusement of the mortal anguish of Mary as recounted by Paulet, is a revolting picture. The letter that she dictated to that official by the hand of her Treasurer has the distinction of being one of the meanest that was ever penned. "His Majesty doth note in you a lack of that care and zeal for her service that she looketh at your hands that you have not in all this time of yourselves (without other provocation) found out some way to shorten the life of that Queen."

This hint miscarried. Paulet knew his mistress. A revulsion of feeling, a sudden clamor abroad (with a fierce temper of her own and bitter tongue, Elizabeth feared nothing but popular opinion), would have transformed the faithful servant into the scapegoat, and driven him into that wilderness of disgrace and danger into which the unhappy Davison was so soon to wander.

It is evident Elizabeth lacked the courage to speak the final word that should send her captive to the block. Nothing is more remarkable in her attitude than the pains she took to delay the signing of the death-warrant, and, when that was no longer possible, her instant resentment against Davison who offered it for her signature.

Whatever may have been her motive, whether of compassion for one of her own blood, a cousin as royal as herself, or of desperate effort even at that last hour to wash her hands of complicity in an unworthy deed, there is this clear showing in the letters, that she displayed a vacillation disturbing to her Ministers and exasperating to her realm.

Hatton warned her not to release her captive. Was he right after all in his belief that she would never accept her liberty as a "benefit, but rather as a course proceeding of remorse of conscience"?

Finally, this correspondence is a revelation of the methods employed by Burghley and Walsingham in gathering evidence against Mary. It explains the defection of Nau and Curl, her secretaries.

In the letter dated September 15, 1586, Cecil stated that the Scottish Queen swore by her faith she had not sent any letters to Babington, asserting "if Nau or Curl says so, it is by constraint of the rack." She knew that her dependants would not lightly turn against her. With her ardent power of sympathy, with that "devastating friendliness" which had beguiled so many a good man, she held all those about her as by bonds of steel. Nothing, she was persuaded, could precipitate her into the headman's hands through disclosures by her secretaries, save physical torment alone. Those who in battle or in some hot moment of peril had willingly given their lives for her might quail before the scaven-

ger's daughter and the thumbscrew and the rack.

So it was. In a billet dated September 4, the Lord Treasurer confides to his colleagues: "I thynk Nau and Curle will yield in ther wrytyng somewhat to confirm ther Mistriss crymes, but if they war perswaded that themselves myght scape, and the blow fall uppon ther Mistress betwixt hir head and hir sholders, suerly we shold have the whole from hir.

"If yow shall bring more wrytyng with yow from thence to towch both Nau, Curle and Pasquyre [one of Mary's servants] it shall serve us the better, and spare our threatninges to them."

This surmise was justified. Kept close prisoners in the house of Walsingham, and under compulsion of terror and torture, or it may be of promise of life and liberty, they yielded up to the Grand Inquisitor of Protestantism the confession he sought. "Both," wrote he, "are determined to throw the burden on their mistress."

It is likely they gave way to menace, for Walsingham had long known how to deal with sterner stuff than these soft secretaries. Three years before he wrote of Throgmorton: "I have seen as resolute men as Throgmorton stoop, notwithstanding, the great stand he hath made of Roman resolution. I suppose the grief of the last torture will suffice, without any extremity of racking, to make him more conformable than he hath hitherto shewn himself."

These papers show how hopelessly the guest and prisoner of Elizabeth was in the toils. There was no escape from the snare laid for her by the English sovereign and Walsingham. The mind, to quote from a famous writer, sickens at the whole miserable business—with elements almost of farce in it—involving dark and tortuous designs, secret counsels which were at once di-

vulged, sealed and cyphered letters which were read aloud or copied for those from whom they were to be most guarded.

The silent underground contest has a strange effect upon us; the stealthy instruments employed—Gifford, the lewd priest, winding himself like a snake into the confidence of Mary; the black-guard brewer mulcting alike deceiver and deceived; Phelippes, the pock-marked red-haired man, watching for his prey at close quarters, and at liberty to make such copies of the fatal correspondence as conscience or casuistry permitted; the doom of youth and enthusiasm; the gradual enmeshing of Mary, with her last desperate cast for her liberty;—the whole of this drama weighs upon the imagination.

Behind it all stands Walsingham. There is little mention of him in the Bardon Papers—a letter to him from some unknown hand describing the contumacy of the Scottish Queen, and a reference to his indisposition in one of the Burghley epistles. But it is the shadow of Walsingham which falls most darkly across all the plots and counterplots which gathered around the person of Mary.

He was probably the greatest suborner of evidence in Europe. His creatures were everywhere. They lurked within the charmed circle of the College of Cardinals; under the suttane they licked up the scandal and indiscretions that fell from the table of the seminary priests; they played the eavesdroppers at Rheims, where they were received, under guise of converts, with open arms; whilst in the very heart of intrigue, the French Embassy, a confidential clerk copying the cyphered letters of Mary invariably made two drafts, one for his master, the Ambassador, the other for his paymaster, Walsingham. Every Catholic family in the country was under surveillance; all who came into England,

or went out of it, and their business, were known. There was no escape from this ubiquitous Minister. It was he, in conjunction with his mistress, who had laid the snares in which finally the disturber of England's peace was taken.

As for the Trial itself, the Bardon Papers confirm our belief that the conditions of Mary's examination and sentence must win for her from posterity some measure of sympathy and condonation.

It may be that we in a later century have learned a fresh toleration for the dead: we see more than ever what weakness, what instability of feeling, lay beneath the characters of both Mary and her cousin of England, and the impossibility of the relation between them as something equally dangerous to break or perpetuate. Each of them, too, seemed to have a code of action and of conscience all to herself.

And as we behold the one at her worst in all great critical moments, so
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we behold the other at her best, carrying it with a contemptuous grace to the end—not, it should be understood, by the knack, which so many women have, of turning her sufferings into virtues, but from a certain splendid loftiness of spirit, or by virtue of an intellect patiently diverting every circumstance to its own design.

Whether we believe, or not, that she faced the issues of her assize with lips unsanctified and an impenitent soul, the issues themselves can be accepted by no fair-minded man. Not yet, after three hundred years, have her delinquencies been finally tracked home, nor can we assign her to her proper place amongst the innocent or the guilty. The Bardon Papers offer us sidelights upon the preparation of the case against her and the attitude of her chief accusers; but the historian who seeks the last word concerning Mary Stuart must still continue his inquisition.

D. Wallace Duffie.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER IX.—BOSWELL'S "LIFE OF JOHNSON" AND "JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES." ANSWERS. BY CANON BEECHING.

1. Where was Dr. Johnson once drowned? *Answer:* In the newspapers.
2. With what hypothetical end in view did Dr. Johnson conceive the necessity of turning himself into a reptile? *Answer:* To become a botanist.
3. What was, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, the best material for women's dresses, and why? *Answer:* Linen detects its own dirtiness.
4. Who once offered the Doctor a shilling? *Answer:* A gentlewoman, supposing him the watchman.
5. What subject did Dr. Johnson refuse to learn? *Answer:* The Scottish dialect.
6. A well-known dramatic author is spoken of, who anticipated the methods of Mr. Pellissier. In what respect? *Answer:* He lived upon potted stories.
7. To what social observance would Johnson not seem retrograde, "for ten pounds"? *Answer:* Court mourning at the theatre.
8. What was Boswell bidden to write down in the first leaf of his pocket-book? *Answer:* Johnson's regard for him.
9. "You have not travelled over my mind, I promise you." To whom was this said? *Answer:* Goldsmith.
10. In whose house did a gentleman display a nice trait of character by

whistling? *Answer:* The Duke of Argyll's.

11. What did Johnson lose during his tour to the Hebrides? *Answer:* His spurs and oak staff.

12. Fill up the blanks in the following:
(a) "I never heard — make a good joke in my life."

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(b) " — Sir, is a good thing to sit by."

(c) "If you call a dog — I shall love him."

(d) " — Sir, is the most invulnerable man I know."

Answers: (a) Burke. (b) Clive. (c) Hervey. (d) Sir Joshua Reynolds.

BRIGANDAGE IN TRIPOLI.

If Europe were in political health, it would already have interposed its veto on Italian aggression in Tripoli. It is the most cynical transgression against public law and public policy that even our time has seen, and the precedents that have been quoted in palliation only bring out its particular heinousness. Austria had occupied Bosnia, and administered it successfully for nearly a generation before she annexed it; Great Britain went to Egypt in defence of financial interests not wholly her own; and the threat against Agadir had its peroration in the French expedition to Fez. But Italy can plead no excuse for attacking Turkey in Tripoli, except that France, Germany, and Russia have each attacked other Mohammedan States. She has revived and even improved upon the doctrine of the *quid pro quo* as practised by the Powers in China. The doctrine then was that when the robber steals a man's purse, the Pharisee thereby acquires a right to his watch, and the good Samaritan to his umbrella. Now each act of brigandage is held to justify another and a worse attack on a different victim. Mazzini, in 1838, said that North Africa would belong to Italy, and Bismarck, twenty-eight years later, flattered him by writing to him that the empire of the Mediterranean was one and indivisible, and should belong to Italy. It has proved so eminently divisible that Italy has gone to Tripoli

because it was now or never for her. That is her sole reason, which she has not even taken the trouble to disguise.

Attempts have been made to suggest that Italy's subjects in Tripoli have been treated unfairly by the Turkish authorities, but it is not surprising that they should have been suspicious, seeing that Italy had long talked of their country as her own. But even worse than the aggression itself are its circumstances and its likely results. It is an act of political incendiarism. It is an outrage on Turkey, of which Tripoli is as indisputably a part as Smyrna. It is disloyal to the Triple Alliance, the principal member of which cultivates the friendship of Turkey. And it is treason against the peace of Europe. For Turkey has no alternative but to fight against Italian aggression on Tripoli. Her Government is, before everything else, Nationalist in spirit. Tripoli, moreover, was the favorite place of banishment under Abdul Hamid for Young Turks, and for that, among other reasons, the Young Turks are devotedly attached to what remains of their North Morocco Empire. But who can see the issues of a war between Turkey and a great European Power? The doctrine of compensation which Italy has invoked spreads fast, and no one can stay its ravages. In any case, war or no war, the credit of the Turkish Government is sure to be shaken. It is a strange

way that Italy has chosen of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of her independence to strangle New Turkey in its birth.

Under better conditions Europe would have restrained the policy of Italy. But her political health was never so bad. The action of Italy is not to be excused by what has happened in Morocco, but it is a bitter appendix to it. It is a satirical parody on the detestable practice among European Powers of dividing out other people's property in order to safeguard themselves from the effects of their unregulated appetites. From that point of view there is at any rate dramatic justice in Italy thus bursting in upon the congratulations of France and Germany that war has been avoided by the destruction of Morocco's independence. But if Europe had been divided into two hostile camps, it might still have restrained Italy. Unfortunately the spectre of European politics is present even in Tripoli. The "*Temps*" cynically reminds Turkey that the Triple Alliance took Bosnia, and that if the Triple Alliance takes Tripoli, too, she will have another opportunity of practising the forgiveness of sins. In the same spirit is the reply which the British Embassy at Constantinople is falsely reported to have given to Turkey's appeal for help, that she made her bed at the time of the Bosnian trouble, and must lie on it.

But Italy in her African policy is certainly not acting as a member of the Triple Alliance. France's consent to Italy's designs was secured twelve years ago, and was made more precise in an Agreement of November, 1902, which recognized the special interests of France in Morocco and of Italy in Tripoli. England, too, is understood to have expressed herself in the same sense. Yet the choice of occasion by Italy is so remarkable, that it is not surprising that some German critics

should have accused England and France of active encouragement. According to one, Italy is being used as a cat's-paw for France, because the effect of an expedition to the coast will be to withdraw Turkish troops from their occupation of Borku in the hinterland, which the Anglo-French Agreement after Fashoda placed in the sphere of France. According to another set of critics, England has encouraged Italy in order to forestall Germany, and, very awkwardly, the "*Westminster Gazette*" this week concluded an article directed against this view by advising Italy that her interests "lie not in seizing and annexing Tripoli, but simply in seeing that it is not occupied and made a possible strategical base by any European Power." Expel a prejudice with a fork and it will return. The other European Power, of course, could only be Germany; and the advice amounts to a confession that Italy may, in a very clumsy fashion, be saving this country from a Mediterranean Agadir. There is, it would seem, no escaping from this obsession of international politics. In whatever part of the world a dispute arises, it is always there to distort judgment and to prevent us from protecting our real interests and discharging our plain duty to our friends.

In the interests of Italy, which are, after all more immediately concerned, the whole adventure is deplorable. Even if Tripoli could be had for the asking, it would be doubtful policy for Italy to take it. It is the poorest of all the North African countries, and its development would, under the most favorable circumstances, cost money which could be much better spent at home. A nation which numbers Calabria and Apulia amongst its provinces need not go abroad for a civilizing mission. Italy has an Africa at home. But Tripoli cannot be had, ex-

cept by a serious and even dangerous war. The number of the Turkish troops in Tripoli is variously estimated at from 10,000 to 30,000 men, but in addition Turkey has introduced compulsory military service amongst the Arabs, and the whole male population is warlike. The Expeditionary force of 60,000 men which is believed to have been proposed, might occupy the coast towns, but is wholly inadequate to occupy the country. Initial success is not certain; but it would in any case be succeeded by a harassing guerilla war, in which the Italian troops would ingloriously waste away in a hundred skirmishes and in fever hospitals. The recent work of reconstruction in Italian finance would be overthrown for a generation, and the immediate losses to Italian trade in Turkey in the first month of a war could not be repaid by ten years of monopoly in Tripoli. Opinion in Italy is stated, on the whole, to be in favor of the war; but there is, as usual, a

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marked divergence between the South and the North. In the North there has been rioting, and in the industrial towns the railway stations are occupied by soldiers and under martial law. In some places women and children have thrown themselves across the lines to prevent the trains from starting with the reservists. It is tragic to see the shadow of Crispi's policy once more lengthening over Italy. The Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, like Crispi, is a Sicilian. The South, which will not contribute good soldiers, is the only part of Italy which attains actual enthusiasm for the war. Is the South never to contribute anything to Italian politics but the big mouthy phrase and a diseased imagination? There is, happily, no evidence of the charge that this country has encouraged Italy in this mad adventure, but it is bad enough to think that it is doing nothing to restrain her. Has the conception of international friendship sunk to the mere connivance at each other's follies?

"TREASURE ISLAND" AS A BOOK FOR BOYS.

It is a pity that schoolmasters do not make a point of discovering the private literary tastes of their pupils, in order that we could form some general idea of what boys really like to read. Such an inquiry must be conducted tactfully; the only lists of the kind that we have seen were suspiciously priggish. It is true that there are boys who like Scott and Dickens, but it is safe to say that the average boy of twelve or thirteen cares neither for one nor the other, or at all events, given the opportunity, prefers Henty or Talbot Baines Reed. Yet, while we may acknowledge that boys do not accept our adult standards of criticism, it must not be inferred that they do not possess any of their own. A bookish boy will read anything if the

supply of books is limited, but he will like some books better than others, and the most sophisticated of critics has no firmer ground for his judgments than that.

That the critical instinct of boys is sometimes subtle in its workings may be seen from the classic instance of "Treasure Island," which entirely failed to capture the hearts of the juvenile readers of *Young Folks* when it appeared as a serial in that periodical. Indeed the editor had to defend it, in reply to criticisms of the earlier instalments. In revenge the "Black Arrow," surely Stevenson's worst book, proved a great success with the same body of readers, a preference which should reveal to the thoughtful writer the enor-

mous difficulty of estimating the probable popularity of books written for boys. The conscientious critic should be panic-stricken at Christmas-time, when he is faced with the usual deluge of juvenile literature, for he is about to adventure in an unknown land. A musical critic set down suddenly in Barnard's ring at Epsom to write an account of the Derby for the Newmarket touts would be in a position no more embarrassing.

What was it in "Treasure Island" that the readers of *Young Folks* did not like? If we could find a satisfactory answer to the question we should be nearer to an understanding of juvenile standards of criticism. Offhand, though we should not have thought of bracketing it with "Tom Sawyer" and the "Iliad," like Mr. Andrew Lang, we should have said that "Treasure Island" was the best boys' book that had ever been written. Pirates, treasure, a desert island, some good fighting and a boy hero are the elements that we should seek in a model work of that description; and though we do not credit the young with any taste for style, they should surely appreciate the romantic spirit and unfailing energy with which Stevenson's tale is told. He avoided, too, the heavy-handed morality that proved the undoing of Dean Farrar, and even, from a boy's point of view, of Thomas Hughes. Virtue triumphs, but so, to a minor extent, does the principal villain—that very finished ruffian John Silver—whose character drew its inspiration, we are told, from the "malmed strength and masterfulness" of the poet Henley, and with whom Stevenson had clearly fallen in love himself. An omission in the story that the author lamented would not probably occur to the mind of a boy. "The trouble is," he wrote, "to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths—bricks without straw. But youth and the fond parent have to be

consulted." Another omission, that of female characters, was in joyful obedience to the wishes of the boy on whom he tried the earlier chapters, and here he was undoubtedly right. Yet the readers of *Young Folks*, those bizarre and nameless critics, refused to hear the charmer's voice till he changed his pipe and gave them the "Black Arrow."

Boys are ineloquent critics, and this heightens the difficulty of understanding their literary preferences; so that we are forced to fall back on theory to account for the failure of "Treasure Island" in serial form. Perhaps the most notable difference between that and the average book for boys lies in the fact that Stevenson's characterization is more than skin deep. His hero, Jim Hawkins, is a real boy, and not one of the super-boys who lead armies and drive motor-cars across the pages of most boys' books. Admitting that Jim does heroic things, it is nevertheless true that Stevenson has robbed him of the normal heroic glamour. The grown-ups in the book do not turn to him for orders or acclaim him as a genius. We are made to feel, indeed we are told—that his splendid achievements are due to luck rather than judgment, and he emerges from his adventures without a halo. Now, doubtless, this study of a boy is faithful in terms of life, but this is not the kind of part that a boy would choose to play in his dreams. In the imaginary world of youth a boy triumphs over difficulties by superior skill and intellect, and not by luck, and his triumph is immediately recognized by old and young alike. Instead of adding a new kingdom to this world, "Treasure Island" is a shrewd blow at this fundamental law. It suggests that it is possible for a boy hero to be thoughtless and even foolish, and is a manifest denial of the truth that a boy can do no wrong in the world of adventure.

Again, though the adult mind finds John Silver a convincing and sufficient villain, it may be doubted whether he is acceptable to the young as a type of pirate captain. He is smooth-tongued and hypocritical, and he achieved by guile the ends that a proper pirate captain would have attained by force. It is a pity, for it cannot be denied that his ferocity is genuine when he doffs his ignoble mask. Flint or William Bones must have played the part with a better grace; in fact, from all we learn of Flint he must have been a model pirate, and all the lesser ruffians of "Treasure Island" fall to talking of him when they want to make our flesh creep. Their villainy is merely the shadow of Flint's, and tender youth, with a mind tuned for deeds of violence, may well imagine that the book begins too late. "Treasure Island" is well enough, but where is the tale of Flint's adventures? That is the book that a healthy-minded, blood-thirsty boy would wish to read.

Doubtless in humanizing his characters, in making his boy-hero a mere lifelike boy, in sketching his pirates as the cowardly, clumsy ruffians they were in real life, Stevenson was at variance with juvenile conceptions of adventure; and yet the story is so good that the

The Academy.

coldness of those early readers remains a mystery. "Treasure Island" was begun at Baemar in August, 1881, and at the same time Stevenson was writing some of those graceful notes of childhood that were afterwards gathered into the "Child's Garden of Verses." In our experience these never fall with young children, who find in them a straightforward expression of everyday emotions, where grown-up people find poignant echoes of the rapture and enchantment of their lost childhood. When a child in our hearing called them "sensible" we realized the measure of the poet's success. From the lips of children he would have desired no other praise.

Intellectually boys are hard to reckon with, for in most of them the child's imagination is giving place to the materialism of a healthy animal, so that side by side with the credulity of inexperience we find a scepticism founded on cheerful ignorance. A boy may dismiss the novels of Scott as "rot" and read a halfpenny legend of Deadwood Dick, the Dime Detective, with interest and pleasure. But we must not on this account deny him the possession of a critical faculty. He knows what he likes, and that is the beginning of all criticism.

Richard Middleton.

THE DEATH OF TIME.

A PROFESSORIAL LECTURE.

Leaving, my friends, the world of mere conjecture,

And turning to the abstract world of fact,

I purpose in the course of this my lecture

To give you what you hitherto have lacked,

A knowledge which will always be effective

Throughout this mortal life—in fact to show

That Time is real only and subjective,

Since Kant killed Time a hundred years ago.

(Chorus of Women.)

How sweet it is to those with minds reflective

Such simple, homely truths as this to know

The Death of Time.

That Time is real only quâ subjective,
 Since Kant killed Time a hundred years ago!

The years, the months, the seasons come and go,
 Mere idle phantoms of the human brain;
 And in their ignorance men think they know
 That what has come before will come again.
 But has it ever come? Does fancy fond
 Delude the mind with self-created dreams?
 Is Time so real that there's nought beyond?
 Is everything exactly what it seems?

(Chorus.)

How sweet to those who seek the pure ideal
 To know that things of sense are merely dreams;
 And of all truths, this truth alone is real,
 —That nothing is exactly what it seems!

The present, past, and future, all are one,
 Or all are none—creations of the senses.
 Yes; you and I, when all is said and done,
 We have our moods, but have not any tenses.
 There once was Time; but that has passed away,
 Killed by a clear perception of the truth.
 Henceforth fear not the curse of its decay!
 We've but to grasp the eternal gift of youth.

(Chorus.)

All women fair this happy truth dispenses
 From longings vain for merely temporal goods;
 For women can exist without their tenses,
 So long as they're allowed to keep their moods.

And what is true of Time is true of Space;
 Both are the products of our own invention;
 Although we think that we have each our place
 Within a world without a fourth dimension.
 Since Space, like Time, is wholly out of date,
 We're here, we're there, in fact we're anywhere,
 Why vex our souls with bodings of our fate,
 Since it and we are neither here nor there?

(Chorus.)

How sweet to think that we can henceforth live
 Untouched by time, untouched by any care;
 For surely nought can matter to us if
 Where'er we are, we're neither here nor there!

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Lovers of folk lore will be charmed by the little collection of old Irish tales which Lady Gregory has gathered together in "The Kiltartan Wonder Book" (E. P. Lutton & Co.). There are sixteen of them altogether, some very brief, others longer but all set down by Lady Gregory exactly as they were told to her by old Irish men and women. Quaint, whimsical and imaginative, they throw light upon the moods and mental processes of simple and primitive people. There are eight appropriate illustrations in color by Margaret Gregory.

For those who would sup on horrors Gaston Leroux spreads a tempting board with "The Phantom of the Opera." His heroine is a beautiful prima donna, laid under a baleful spell by a being—spirit or mortal—of so ghastly a shape that no one can look on him without loathing, and the action of the elaborate and ingenious plot takes place in the Paris Opera House, in whose labyrinthine cellars the monster's secret is finally discovered. Full of detail, plausible and well written, the story will be a marked success in its line. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The capable little heroine of Frances Marian Mitchell's story, "Joan of Rainbow Springs," has been handed about as a candidate for adoption so long that she has collected a variety of treasures—tangible, mental and spiritual—which prove vastly diverting to the invalid musician with whom she finally finds a home, and intensely irritating to his prosaic housekeeper. The last half of the story takes place in the Colorado desert where the half-breed grand-daughter of an Indian chief shares Joan's adventures, and the

closing chapter leaves the two girls starting for college together. Young readers may count on some "delightful thrills," as Joan would say. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

Three books for small children come together from the press of Houghton Mifflin Co. In "The One-Footed Fairy" Alice Brown groups a dozen or more bright and diverting fairy stories, which are accompanied by an equal number of full-page illustrations from pen and ink drawings; in "The Enchanted Mountain" Eliza Orne White tells with playful humor the story of four children who ventured upon the forbidden pleasure of a visit to an enchanted mountain, and what befell them there; and in "Kittens and Cats" Eulalie Osgood Grower tells some very short tales for very little folk about certain kittens and cats, who are pictured in illustrations from photographs.

Eva March Tappan's "The Story of the Roman People" traverses a familiar subject but does so with a singular freshness and interest. Her aim is to present the outlines of Roman history from the foundation of the city to the dissolution of the empire in such a way as to engage the attention of young readers; and she succeeds astonishingly well in this by no means easy task. She has an unusual faculty for grasping the essential historic facts and weaving them into a continuous narrative as engaging as a bit of fiction. She is concerned also with the parallel between certain ancient and modern conditions, and she imparts not merely the story of Roman history but its significance. An abundance of illustrations, two maps and a complete index enhance the usefulness of the book for

reference; but the immediate value of the book is as a story, accurate, well-proportioned and of compelling interest which makes a strong appeal to young readers. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The science of health has progressed for enough now to be revolutionizing all the sources of production for food. The farmer of to-day must possess at least a working knowledge of the chemistry of cleanliness or the state will step in and refuse to allow his products to reach the market. Laura Rose, a Lecturer on Dairying at the Agricultural College in Guelph, Canada, has succeeded in setting forth the scientific and practical principles of "Farm Dairying" in a book called by that name. The volume is exceedingly well proportioned and adapts expert knowledge to the farmer's practical needs in most effective fashion. The style is clear and vigorous. The illustrations add to the value of the study. A. C. McClurg & Co.

A story of the smart set of New York city by a woman who has apparently never listened to the talk of really refined and "society" people is called "Dr. David" and written by Marjorie Benton Cooke. Her men and women are as rude as are the lords and ladies Charlotte Bronte made so miserable a failure at portraying. Dr. David—he has the added name of Porter—is an eye specialist who charms everybody by telling them brutal half-truths which he—and they!—take for revelations of the soul. He carries on a violent flirtation with a married woman who has just finished a milder flirtation with a society youth, and succeeds, after holding her in his lap and kissing her at length, in reforming her to the extent of making her an ardently happy witness at his wedding. She had "loved" him but a few pages back. A. C. McClurg & Co.

A noteworthy addition to Ginn & Co.'s series of "Standard English Classics" is a volume of "Selections from Lincoln" edited, with introduction and notes, by Ida M. Tarbell. Whether regarded as literature, or autobiography or history these selections from the letters, speeches and state papers of Lincoln are alive with interest. They open with an extract from Lincoln's first public address, written when he was twenty-three years old, and close with an extract from his last speech, on the reconstruction of the Southern States, made in Washington three days before his assassination. The selections throw light upon Lincoln's character and upon his political and moral ideals, and, taken in connection with Miss Tarbell's admirable introduction and proposed outline of study they constitute a textbook of far more than ordinary value.

In "Four Boys in the Yosemite" Everett T. Tomlinson takes the same lads who have traversed the Yellowstone, the Mississippi valley and other regions of our own land in earlier volumes into new scenes and new adventures. The story is so stirring that boy readers may not suspect the author of any more serious purpose than that of entertaining them; but they will incidentally and almost insensibly absorb a good deal of history and description which will make them better acquainted both with the past and the present of their own country. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., who publish Mr. Tomlinson's book, publish also a new story for girls by Amanda M. Douglas, "Helen Grant's Harvest Year," in which the girl who has figured in eight earlier books enjoys a long-coveted trip abroad and returns to the experience of a gentle romance; and for very young readers "Prue's Merry Times," the fourth of the series

of cheerful and diverting "Prue Books." All three books are illustrated,—the last by the author.

"On the Cinder Path" by Arthur Duffey, and "Larry Burke, Sophomore" by Frank I. Odell, (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.), are two lively books for boys' reading. Mr. Duffey, the author of the first, distinguished himself, a few years ago, as a champion sprinter and he has made good use of the experience gained in that department of athletics in describing life at a typical boys' school, in which track achievements figure largely. As this story concerns itself with the boy hero's first year at "Donchester," there seems to be a cheerful intimation that later volumes may take up the story of a second and perhaps a third year. The other story turns upon college life, and continues the narrative begun in "Larry Burke, Freshman." The "jacket" shows the young hero in the act of kicking a football to a dizzy height. The story deals with football, hazing, class contests and other episodes of college life, and is told with a dash and directness well calculated to hold the attention of boy readers until the last page is reached.

As the Christian ages have come and gone each has given rise to its own peculiar school of apologetics, each has found a circle of men who have delighted in conforming the Gospel of the Nazarene to the thinking of its generation. The twentieth century has not lacked those who would find all of Darwinism in the Old Testament and discover in Christ himself the very climax of the evolution of the world. David A. Murray, late principal of the Osaka Training School, in "Christian Faith and the New Psychology" attempts to range not only evolution but also the last word of psychology beside the principles which underlie the Bi-

ble. The book will re-convince those who are already convinced, will help many who wander in a maze of doubt; but its claims are too radical to convert determined sceptics. The author is a profoundly learned man, a scholar, and a controversialist of no mean ability. His contact with the Japanese gleams forth in a certain cleverness and brightness. The work is well done for pure apologetics and the reader, though he may not all agree, cannot but be interested. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Warren L. Eldred's "The Oak Street Boys' Club" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) is based on the modern boys' club movement, and is a brightly written and sensible story of the doings of rival clubs in the same parish, and of the triumph of good leadership over jealousy and intrigue. From the same publishers come "The Pecks in Camp," the eighth volume in A. T. Dudley's "Phillips Exeter Series," in which the experiences of the young Peck boys in a summer camp are pleasantly told; "Dorothy Dainty at the Mountains," the tenth volume in Amy Brooks's "Dorothy Dainty Series," the earlier volumes of which have made a strong appeal to young girl readers; "Chased Across the Pampas" the sixth and concluding volume in Edward Stratemeyer's "Pan-American Series" in which the all-conquering boy heroes have a lively time in Chili and Argentina, and with their customary good fortune escape an attempt to capture them for a ransom; and a stout volume called "Handicraft for Handy Boys" by A. Neely Hall, the author of "The Boy Craftsman,"—a convenient and practical compendium of hints and directions for making all sorts of things within the scope of boyish ingenuity and skill, together with suggestions for games and sports and home and school entertainments, the practical usefulness of which is en-

hanced by nearly six hundred illustrations and working drawings by the author and Norman P. Hall. Any clever boy will find the book worth its price many times over as a guide to occupations at once diverting and profitable.

"Firebrands" by Frank E. Martin and George M. Davis (Little, Brown & Co.) is a story, or rather a group of stories written with a purpose, and yet not the less interesting on that account. Each of the stories turns upon an adventure with fire, and is so told that the young reader will almost unconsciously receive a vivid impression of the folly of taking risks with that dangerous element. Also he will get from the stories highly-important suggestions as to what to do when suddenly confronted with fire perils. The book is fully illustrated. The same publishers offer to boy readers "Great Bear Island" a story of summer camping adventures written by Arthur E. McFarlane, author of "Redney McGraw,"—a story which appeared first serially in *The Youths' Companion*; "Fairmount Girls in School and Camp" the third volume in Mrs. Etta Anthony Baker's popular "Fairmount Girls Series"; "A Chevalier of Old France" by John Harrington Cox, the second volume of the "Knighthood Series" in which the brave old story first told in "The Song of Roland" is retold in an interesting way for modern boy readers; "Mother West Wind's Children" by Thornton W. Burgess, a group of fanciful little stories for young children, as merry and whimsical as the same author's "Mother West Wind" which delighted the little people last year; and for very little readers "Nibbles Poppey-Poppett," a gaily-illustrated little story of a mouse by Edith B. Davidson, author of the "Bunnikin" books, and "Tommy Tinker's Book" by Mary

Frances Blaisdell, the third volume in the "Boy Blue Series." All of these are attractively illustrated.

Lovers of poetry will not be slow to acknowledge the debt which they owe to Sir George Douglas for compiling, from sources near and remote, from singers old and new "The Book of Scottish Poetry." (The Baker and Taylor Co.) The book suggests comparison with Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of English Verse" and the "Dublin Book of Irish Verse" and is a worthy companion to those delightful anthologies. Sir George Douglas is himself a Scottish poet, and he has an intimate acquaintance with the whole wide range of Scottish verse, and both a patriot's and a poet's affection for it. The selections extend from a few anonymous or little-known poets of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries down to Lang, Watt, Ogilvie and other singers of the twentieth century. The difficulty of understanding some of the older poets is greatly relieved by footnotes giving the equivalents of Scotch words. Burns, naturally, requires more space than any other poet, eighty pages being filled with selections from his poems. Sir Walter Scott fills forty pages and William Drummond thirty. Every phase of the Scottish temperament, its sadness, its tragedy, its mirth, finds expression here. There is, perhaps, no single poem in the collection finer in its way, than Robert Buchanan's "Ballad of Judas Iscariot." One of the most charming domestic poems, "Cuddle Doon," is by a little-known poet, Alexander Anderson. Among other modern writers of simple and sometimes tragic verse are "Hugh Haliburton," William Sharp, and John Davidson. Altogether, this is an anthology of unique interest and beauty, and it is a delight to browse through its pages.

